

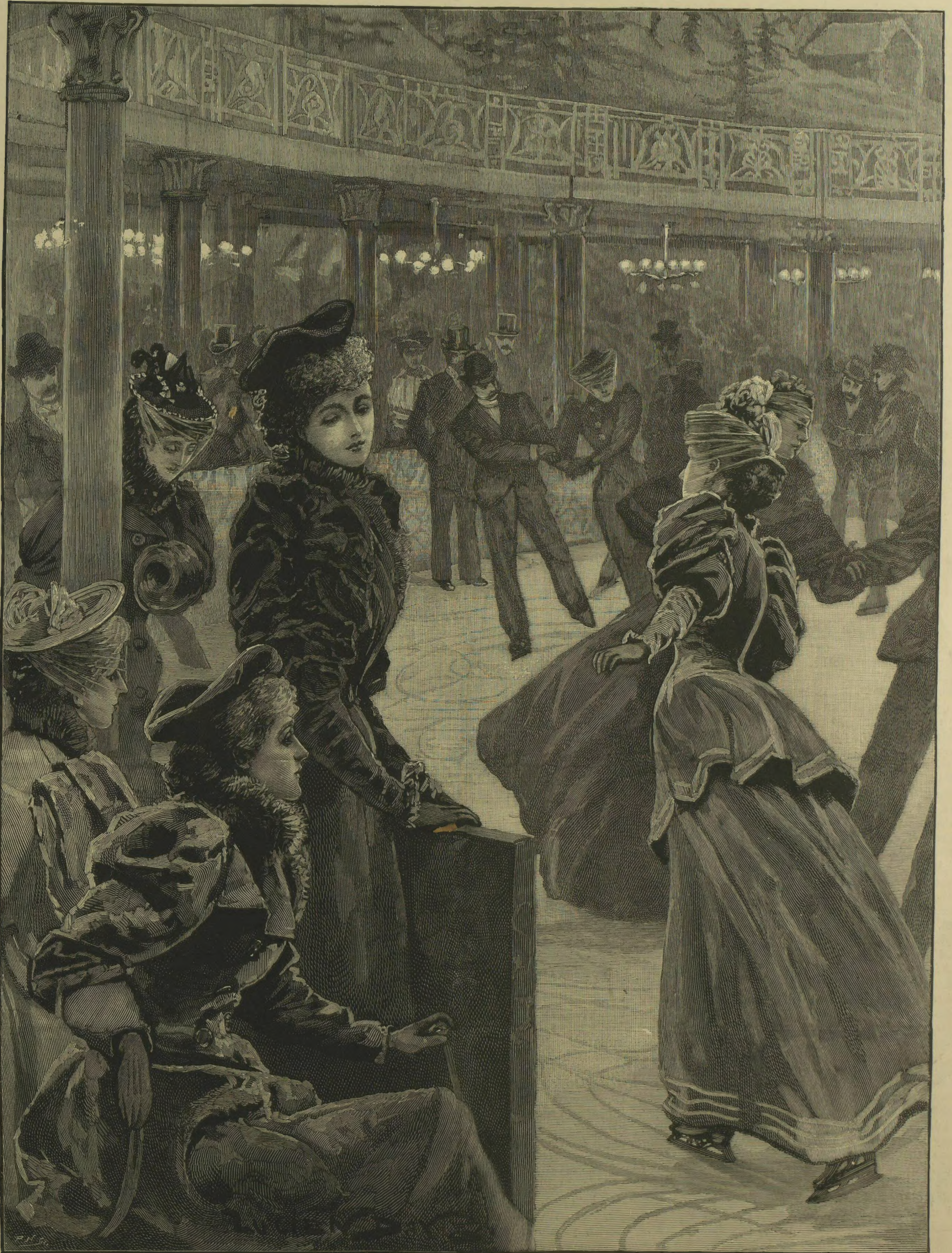
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.  
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REAL ICE SKATING-RINK, NIAGARA HALL, WESTMINSTER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Spectator* devotes one of its interesting essays to the consideration of intestates and the causes which induce them to leave their property without an owner. One ingenious suggestion is that "the care and accumulation of property has the effect of superseding personal attachments and making men lonely who would not be so but for the predominant and absorbing interest." There is no doubt that in time the accumulator does begin to invest his hoard with a certain personality. The good-natured reply of the rich man who was asked, rather offensively, what he did with his money—"I roll in it"—had some truth in it. Relations, at all events, were established between him and it which are altogether unusual. Nine out of ten of persons of this class develop into misers, who, of course, have no friends; but the rest of them, and these by far the most interesting, spend their money freely enough, though mainly on themselves. As to leaving it for others to spend, that is, however, a very different matter. Their wealth is their strong castle, outside of which they are nothing, and they cannot endure to make arrangements for the reception into it of another tenant. The attachment of persons to their property varies with the character of its owners. Some will be enormously interested in a cottage or a hayrick if it be only their own; others only care for what these will fetch in the market. When Jack Mytton's steward implored his master with tears in his eyes not to sell a certain property because it had been in the family for five hundred years, he replied that if that was so it was high time it should be out of it. Still, however strong may be the bonds that tie a man to house and lands, he knows that they must one day fall into other hands; and it does seem amazing that he takes no care into whose hands they fall. Most men prefer to benefit their friends by will rather than in their lifetime, but I have known others who while alive have assisted many persons, but who have died without "remembering" a single friend. This I believe to arise from that dislike of trouble which is a much more important factor in human affairs than is generally supposed. One can write a cheque in four figures in half a minute, but to send for one's solicitor and give him instructions as to one's testamentary intentions is a tedious business. It is nevertheless sad to reflect how many persons, merely from a sort of lazy selfishness, make no provision for those to whom they have been apparently attached in their lifetime, and to whom one line from their pen would make all the difference between comfort and poverty.

In the case of poets who have charmed us with their immortal verse there can be nothing but pleasure to be derived from their works being furnished with illustrations which more or less succeed in identifying the localities which they describe; but with works of fiction the case is different. No one can object to such a revelation when applied to a novelist who has been long deceased, such as Walter Scott, whose localities, indeed, were mostly recognisable, and intended to be so, at the time they were described; but when this system is adopted with a living story-teller it seems to be forgotten that secrets may be divulged which he may well wish concealed and has taken some pains to keep. If the place is identified (which he has obviously wished not to be the case, or he would have given it its right name), there is reason to conclude that the people in it—that is to say, his *dramatis personæ*—are also recognisable. It is quite likely that the identification is mistaken. A prudent story-teller often takes his real characters from places remote from the locality he describes, but that precaution avails him nothing. Men and women he has never seen and of whose existence he has never heard are recognised as the subjects of his satire. Next to being in print themselves, people of a certain class, and a large class, delight in discovering their neighbour in print, and not the less if the portraiture is uncomplimentary. It is vain for the author to protest that he never had them in his mind; "He says so, of course," they say, "because he is afraid of an action for libel, but the likenesses are really too staring to be explained by mere coincidence." There are letters in the local paper discussing the matter under the thinnest veil, and inquiring how far satire may be permitted without degenerating into lampoon. Upon the whole, one cannot but consider that the publication of these guesses at truth without the story-teller's sanction do him and his characters great injustice, and are not very creditable to our literary detectives.

The record whist hand—with the four suits in the four hands—had, one hoped, been played out. Only very severely mathematical people ever pretended to believe in that too recurring miracle; with their usual "cussedness" and desire to flout plain people, they averred that it was as likely a combination to occur as any other, and having once occurred was as likely to occur again. They do not explain why until quite lately it has never occurred—save in India and the Colonies and a great distance from that centre of civilisation and whist, the British Metropolis. When the miracle takes place at a respectable London club it shall have my best attention; at present I confess

it interests me no more than table-turning, which has also its votaries. It is curious that the *memoria technica* suggested by one of the *Times* correspondents—"Eight kings threatened to save nine fine ladies for one sick knave"—for the due performance of the trick is absolutely unnecessary; all one has to do for the success of the joke is to arrange the pack in consecutive suits—diamonds, spades, hearts, and clubs. Then, as the correspondent observes, "you may cut the pack forty thousand times" and still obtain your record hand. To suggest the use of a *memoria technica* when it is not wanted is not a benevolent act. Several of these unnatural formulæ still haunt my brain in the lonely watches of the night, spectres of I know not what, for their meaning has long vanished. In one's University days they were the chief support of widows: these ladies called upon us in their weeds, each with a *memoria technica* compiled by her late husband expressly for college examinations. I remember that a salmon leaping over a wall somehow suggested the order of the Kings of Israel, but it does not do that now.

Friends, and even strangers, are very kind in sending me more or less perfect cures for rheumatic gout. The more reasonable prescriptions I have tried, with the most complete want of success, and am now recommended an infusion of beans, which only requires, I am assured, to be taken every day for six months—four pints of it—to make the greatest cripple to leap for joy. The phrase "full of beans" probably arose from the result of this treatment. However, this sovereign remedy has been superseded by a prescription just arrived from Auckland, New Zealand. The real remedy for *rheumatoid arthritis* is ambergris, but, as my correspondent rightly concludes, it is beyond the means—being three pounds per ounce—of a literary person. However, there is, it seems, a cheaper method of trying the treatment—though one is not so likely to get the advantage of it in London as in New Zealand. The plan is to get inside a whale. When the creatures are being cut up on the shore the whalers are always willing to let a rheumatic person lie for an hour or two as an inside passenger. A hole is cut in the side of the cetacean, and the patient is placed in a nude state in the orifice, the looser skin at the opening being fastened round his neck. On being taken from this greasy position after some hours, he has generally quite recovered the use of his limbs—the ammonia being supposed to absorb the uric acid. This should be called, I think, the Jonah treatment; it seems, indeed, to throw quite a new light upon that prophet's hitherto perplexing behaviour; but, unhappily, it is very seldom that whales (though I have heard stories very like them) come my way.

In an omnibus the other day a friend of mine met a lady with a little dog. She had a small box by her side, the lid of which was loose, and now she looked at the box and now she looked at the dog in a most distressful manner. My friend, who is very tender-hearted, remarked that the little dog seemed very thin and ill. "He is indeed," she said; "and just listen to his cough," which, indeed, was incessant and painful to listen to. "I am afraid your little favourite will not be long-lived," he said. "I am quite sure he will not," she replied, and burst into tears. "Never did woman go on a sadder errand than mine," she sobbed. "The dog-doctor tells me that though it might live a month or two, it would only be in pain and discomfort, so I am going to him to have it poisoned." "What, now?" "Yes, now; he is going to be buried at his country home. This is his little coffin. I am going to send it, presently, by the railway. It has its direction on, you see, and there is the cord for tying it up." Though it was only a dog, it seemed to my friend a very gruesome state of affairs, though dictated by motives of affection. The arrangements were, as the Americans would say, so very "previous." It was, indeed, pathetic, but difficult to embalm in verse. Yet singularly enough, Keats, in his "Pot of Basil" describes a similar state of things, with a human being for its subject. The brothers of the young lady in the poem design to kill the man on whom she has placed her affections, though they pretend to be his friends; and so resolved are they upon his death that the poet thus describes the three men travelling together—

So the two brothers with their murdered man  
Rode past fair Florence.

Leigh Hunt has a note upon this anticipatory description, which, though common enough in the classics, is, I believe, without a parallel in modern literature.

If Captain Dreyfus was innocent of the crime for which he suffered his case is hard indeed, but one scarcely understands the sympathy expressed for him if he is guilty. The words of contempt that preceded the act of degradation, the roll of drums, the tearing off his epaulettes, his braid, his buttons, and his trouser-stripes, his sword broken before his eyes, are very painful details, but surely not out of proportion to his alleged offence. For a soldier to betray his country is to stoop to the depths of dishonour, and the punishment accorded to it has rarely been less than death. If war had been going on, the man would most undoubtedly have been shot. In England we have, fortunately, had no parallel to the Dreyfus case; no officer, nor, for that matter, private either, has been proved traitor to his

country; but when for some other though less serious offence a soldier is drummed out of his regiment, very much the same proceedings, I understand, take place as have aroused so much excitement. It is worth noting that no precaution was, it seems, omitted to secure the success of the dramatic scene. The uniform was placed in the tailor's hands on the preceding evening, and the epaulettes and gold braid loosened that they might be stripped off with ease, while the sword was broken and soldered so that it might give way directly and in the right place when snapped across the knee. It is not only upon the stage that dramatic effects are arranged beforehand.

It seems to have struck most people with a certain shock of surprise that the Japanese should have proved themselves capable of atrocities. Folks were slow to believe that the civilisation of a nation which in peace were so "artistic," and had "such an eye for colour," and in war had shown themselves so scientific and adroit, could, after all, be but skin-deep. The epidermis scratched has, however, at once revealed the savage. The Chinese themselves, though known to be utterly deaf to the voice of humanity, have also had a far higher state of civilisation imputed to them than they possessed, for even less valid reasons—partly, indeed, from their excelling in the worst vices of highly advanced communities. The traveller among distant and half-known nations, upon discovering in them certain arts and sciences he had not expected to find at all, developed to a high degree, is apt therefore to exaggerate their position in the scale of culture; whereas in social and moral matters they may be very degraded. There is a parallel to this mistake in the impression produced among ourselves by excellence in games, or by the ingenuity sometimes displayed by the criminal classes. We take it for granted that the first-rate player at piquet or whist is, as the phrase goes, a man of science "spoilt"; and that the cunning thief, if his intellect had been exerted in other channels, would have made his fortune by honest means; whereas, as a matter of fact, these gifts in both cases are no proofs of general intelligence, and are strictly limited to the areas of their operation.

To persons who have read enough—and perhaps even to spare—about ladies who have had a past and hope (not unnaturally) never to have a future, and to those simple folk who still derive interest from dramatic occurrences outside boudoirs and drawing-rooms, the story of "A Man of His Word" will be very welcome. It is a tale, though of modern life, of ancient type, and reminds one, indeed, of no less old a friend than Fenimore Cooper. Once again we hear the whiz of the tomahawk and the war-whoop of the savage, and are made familiar with the works and ways of the red man. The element of civilisation is unobtrusively presented in the persons of the ranchman and the cowboy, and we find undreamt-of virtues in characters that superficial observers would describe as "fishy." There is always something attractive in the picture of honest folks settled on the outskirts of civilisation and subject to "excursions and alarms" from the denizens of the prairie and the wilderness; and when, as in this case, lovely maidens are of the party, the excitement grows beyond fever heat. What tries credulity rather severely is the coolness with which these good folks eat, drink, and sleep under what would seem to most people circumstances of extreme peril, and particularly how averse they are to move when the savages are notoriously in their vicinity; one longs to be "behind them with a bradawl." Still, it is to these imprudent delays that we are indebted for some fine fighting against great odds, and "deeds of derring do" performed even by our heroines. Whatever happens, everyone "keeps his hair on," which is the more creditable since the Apache Indians are always trying to get it off. Whatever may be said against "A Man of His Word" (which, it must be owned, is curiously deficient in humour), it is certainly not a book to go to sleep over.

Can it possibly be true that a young woman has applied for the vacant office of executioner at Vienna, and forwarded an attractive photograph to the authorities? "My age," she says, "is eight-and-twenty, and I am endowed with great physical strength. My sex and my good looks seem especially to recommend me for the post I seek." This does not seem obvious to the ordinary mind, but she explains it upon æsthetic principles: "Remember that the last person on whom the condemned criminal fastens his gaze is, nine times out of ten, a repulsively hideous personage. Think of the consolation he would derive, on the brink of plunging into eternity, from being pinioned by the gentle hands of a woman." This appears rather illogical, though it reflects credit upon the modesty of the lady. Anyone else would argue that the pain of parting with so fascinating a being would add another terror to death. For my part, I confess I do not like the notion of women being executioners. It is not, perhaps, so offensive as their shooting doves, because criminals are not creatures whose innocence and beauty appeal to every eye, but it shows a similar hardness of heart and want of feminine feeling. I don't think I could marry a female executioner, however young and beautiful, or however much money she had made by her profession. However, these may be old-fashioned notions.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The enormous difficulty of turning the grand and immortal Arthurian legend into a workmanlike play for this critical period of the nineteenth century is virtually proved by the delay in accomplishing it. Had it been so very easy a task it would have been done long ago. Mr. Comyns Carr deserves the utmost credit for the good taste and judgment that he has displayed, and for his modesty in taking up in the direct interests of art a subject that Tennyson has made dear to every English household.

There were only two ways of treating this Arthurian legend. The one was to patch and piece the Tennyson text with which we are all familiar into a play, to use every available line and sentence, to quote every possible speech and simile and metaphor; but this process, however cleverly done, would have necessitated some hundreds of original lines not in the Tennyson text, which, contrasted with the master's work, would have been instantly scouted as Tennyson and water. The student of Tennyson, who knows the text of the "Idylls of the King" by heart, naturally misses many of his favourite scenes and situations. Why, the poem called "Guinevere" is a drama in itself. It could be acted straight from the text with the aid of the blue pencil to cut away unnecessary lines and imagery. But the dramatized Arthurian legend wants more than that act, and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Comyns Carr acted with great judgment when he shut up his Tennyson altogether, went straight away from the "Idylls of the King," renewed his acquaintance with the fountain-head, Sir Thomas Malory, and made his own play out of the best dramatic material he could gather from the romance. So far as I know, Mr. Comyns Carr, during his whole admirable and industrious career, has never entered into the competitive ranks either as a poet, major or minor, or a writer of lyrics. The surprise to me is that one unaccustomed to the manufacture of verse has been able to give us so excellent a book.

The assistance of Sir Arthur Sullivan has been of inestimable value. The music is exactly what was wanted—ever subordinate to dramatic effect, and yet always assisting it. The chant of the water-nymphs in the mystical prologue, the song of the knights preparing for departure in search of the Holy Grail, and the exquisite dirge that announces the funeral procession of Elaine will long haunt the memory. And, of course, the artistic advice of Sir Edward Burne-Jones cannot be overrated. He has given to Miss Ellen Terry, who plays Guinevere with such grace and distinction, such dresses as the stage has never seen before. The first robe worn by the Queen, bejewelled and iridescent, is one of the loveliest ever worn by an artist, but then what artist of our time can wear fantastic dresses so well or so appropriately as Miss Ellen Terry? It is one thing to design a dress, and quite another to wear it with distinction. This graceful lady is out of the Bond Street and Regent Street period altogether. She has stepped out of an old church window into modern life. If ever there was a Burne-Jones model it is Miss Ellen Terry, and she wears her regal robes to perfection. I suppose it was the horror of being theatrical, the dread of competing with the operatic stage, that induced Mr. Henry Irving to consent to make his first appearance as King Arthur in black armour unrelieved by drapery, and that decided him that all the men, or at least the principal characters, should wear their own hair. In this particular instance I cannot help thinking that King Arthur wants to be made more picturesque and less severe, and we all know how splendidly Mr. Irving can wear robes of regality and state: witness his last act of "Louis XI." and his various crimson Cardinals. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has treated King Arthur very severely indeed in the matter of dress, but I think his most devoted admirers will own that, although Mr. Forbes Robertson, with his clear-cut ascetic face, passes muster with his own smooth modern hair on the top of his pretty armour, still Mr. Frank Cooper, as Sir Mordred, with a head of to-day arranged by Truefitt or Marsh, takes the imagination away from the Arthurian period; while an Arthur with flowing locks of fair hair would have impressed the romance, the ideality, and the supernatural elements of the subject more directly on a modern audience than is possible at present. I can guess the reason—the horror of the operatic tenor, the dread that Arthur will be taken for a new Lohengrin or Parsifal. And why not? The more beautiful and picturesque King Arthur is made to appear, the better for the play.

Unfortunately, I have already outrun my allotted space, and have no opportunity of praising in detail the intensely human King Arthur of Henry Irving, at his very best in the Othello scene where the love of his life is lost to him; the beautiful and womanly Guinevere of Ellen Terry, more sad than passionate; the superb Lancelot of Forbes Robertson, who again and again drags the play back from modernism to mysticism; the exquisitely tender Elaine of Miss Lena Ashwell, a true note of pathos; the fine, earnest, declamatory Morgan le Fay of Miss Geneviève Ward, whose assistance was invaluable; or the deep-voiced, well-toned, earnest Merlin of Mr. Valentine, who will be invaluable at the Lyceum in characters that require sonority and impressiveness. But perhaps I may be allowed to return to "King Arthur" on another occasion. It is a play to be seen by all playgoers, for in varied detail it is the best specimen of the stage art of our time.

## THE LATE SIR JOHN SEELEY.

The death of Sir John Seeley takes from us one of the most distinguished of our literary men. Professor Seeley was born in 1834; he was the son of a well-known publisher, and was educated first in the City of London School and afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge. To have been a centre of theological controversy, and again a centre of political debate, is no small achievement for a single author, and when to this is added the vigorous discussion of the science of history which the late Professor initiated, we may very well claim for him a large share in the literature of the last thirty years. The Professor's idea that his books "Ecce Homo" and "The Expansion of England" were kindred works was, one may safely say, a phantasy of a somewhat fantastic brain; nevertheless both books had an enormous influence. The great Earl of Shaftesbury expressed a somewhat vigorous opinion about "Ecce Homo" when it was published in 1865, but it cannot be doubted that the work has had a marked influence upon religious controversy in our day; and, whatever difference of opinion may be excited by its spirit, its literary style has won the admiration of every man who cares for books. "Natural Religion," which was published in 1882, was, in a sense, a sequel to "Ecce Homo." That was one side of Professor Seeley's life; another was represented in "The Expansion of England," which was published in 1883. Here he was the pioneer to a very large extent of the "Greater England" ideal, which now weighs so forcibly with statesmen of every party. Should Imperial Federation



THE LATE SIR J. R. SEELEY.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

ever become an accomplished fact, the name of Sir John Seeley will be written very large in its records, and Lord Rosebery recognised that when he offered him a knighthood in 1894. Still greater, perhaps, is Professor Seeley's third claim to a position in literature—his professorship at Cambridge, with its accompanying work. Following Canon Kingsley in 1869, he found the general conception of history in so elementary a stage that his first lecture was occupied by a not unkindly attack upon his predecessor. This was followed by his own laboured work in connection with the subject. No Englishman in our day has studied the Napoleonic literature more thoroughly; and his great book entitled "The Life of Stein" must always take rank, with Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," among the works which English writers have contributed to the study of foreign history. His somewhat paradoxical plea that history to be accurate must be dull was largely due to disappointment at the reception of the "Stein," which enjoyed but little of the popularity of "Ecce Homo."

## A REAL ICE SKATING-RINK.

Not many years ago we had a sudden enthusiasm for skating-rinks—a fervour which, in the language of the pastime, has latterly ended in a "frost." But, in the repeated absence of ice which has distinguished our recent winters, another attempt is being made to revive the rink. At Niagara Hall skaters can enjoy the pleasure of real ice under more comfortable conditions than on frozen London lakes, and their sport is unaffected by any thaw which may afflict outdoor ice. Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams gave a brilliant party on Jan. 5 to celebrate the opening of the rink, and great satisfaction was expressed at the success of the experiment.

## WAIFS AT THE GUILDHALL.

The stately home of civic hospitality was the scene of a very different entertainment on Jan. 8 from those which ordinarily take place in the Guildhall. Twelve hundred and fifty children, selected by the experienced secretary of the Ragged School Union, from schools within two miles' radius of the City, were provided with a substantial meal, and afterwards a variety of amusements served to make the evening enjoyable. Mr. Alderman Trehear collected the funds for this treat from the aldermen and sheriffs, members of the Court of Common Council, and others outside these official limits.

## THE COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS.

"Coolgardie" has become as musical a charm as "Mesopotamia" was considered by Robert Hall's hearer. It has exercised a wonderful fascination over seekers after gold; yet the absence of pure water has made any prolonged stay well-nigh unendurable. The Government of Western Australia is strenuously endeavouring to supply this defect. Coolgardie was discovered in 1891 by a Victorian miner, who gave his name to his claim, calling it "Bayley's Reward." Since that date the amount of ore discovered shows that Coolgardie is one of the richest goldfields in the world.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The taking of Port Arthur is so important an event in the war that the following account from an onlooker will be of special interest. Writing from Chefoo, our correspondent says: "Admiral Fremantle left Chefoo with the British squadron early in the afternoon of Nov. 23. The fleet consisted of the *Centurion*, *Undaunted*, *Crescent* and *Edgar* (the two new first-class cruisers), *Leander*, *Mercury*, *Severn*, *Porpoise*, and *Æolus* (new second-class cruiser). The morning of the 24th was occupied in target practice, the *Centurion* meanwhile going into Ta-lien-whan Bay, which is occupied by the Japanese for a base of operations against Port Arthur. The fleet reassembled in the afternoon and proceeded towards Port Arthur. The Japanese flag was seen flying over the principal fort and the fleet lying at anchor under the western forts. The English fleet anchored in two lines and paid the Japanese Admiral the compliment of a salute. Admiral Ito came on board the flag-ship, and was received with all honours.

"Permission was obtained for officers to land and inspect the forts, etc. The town of Port Arthur presents an extraordinary appearance, having been looted from end to end. In some quarters of the town were numbers of dead; most of them appeared to be coolies and townspeople. There were also a few women killed and mutilated, but the majority of women and children had been sent away to Chefoo and other places before the town was invested.

"There had evidently been a lot of savage fighting. There are very few Chinese left in the town now. I saw only one old man; he was wandering about, looking very miserable. There is a great deal of excuse for the Japanese, as the Chinese have behaved in a most barbarous manner to the few prisoners they have caught. Some days before the fall of the garrison a skirmish took place, in which several Japanese were killed. The Chinese got hold of the bodies and brought them into the town, and hung them up on trees, and mutilated them in a horrible manner. When the victorious army entered the town this was the first thing they saw, and naturally they were incensed. The fighting took place in a small mud fort, the walls of which are perforated by field-guns, and the quantities of cartridge-cases both inside and on the approaches to the fort show that there was heavy firing. The main army—from 10,000 to 15,000 men—cleared out of the forts before noon on Nov. 21, and the victors made their entrance some four hours later. The dockyard and all its workshops, including the torpedo dépôt, which is said to be the most complete in the world, and the dozen or so forts, mounting large Krupp guns, are perfect; not an attempt has been made to destroy anything before leaving. Many people think that the place must have been bought; it is difficult otherwise to understand a fortress of such natural and artificial strength being abandoned without a struggle, no matter how inferior the quality of the garrison holding it."

## CARLYLE'S HOUSE.

Many vicissitudes have befallen the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was the home of Thomas Carlyle for forty-seven years. It has come before public notice more than once lately, owing to the propensity of one of its inhabitants for crowding its rooms with cats. Now attention is again called to the house, which it is proposed to purchase and save from further dilapidation and desecration. Mr. Leslie Stephen considers that there is "no house in London possessing such unique interest to all who care for literary associations." To the Carlyle Memorial Fund, of which Mr. B. F. Stephens, 4, Trafalgar Square, W.C., is the treasurer, the German Emperor, the Prime Minister, and several other distinguished men have contributed, and it is hoped that many objects linked with the life of Carlyle will ultimately be placed in his old home. Chelsea has already many "haunts of the mighty"—Meccas to which lovers of literature from far and near are ever wending their footsteps—and among them none is more worthy of honour than the residence of him who was called the Sage of Chelsea.



## ARRIVAL, AND SUBSEQUENT DEATH, OF LADY CARTER AT LAGOS.

From Photographs by Mr. Holme, of Lagos.

Following with sad speed the news of the reception accorded to the wife of the Governor on her arrival at Lagos has come the news that Lady Carter died on



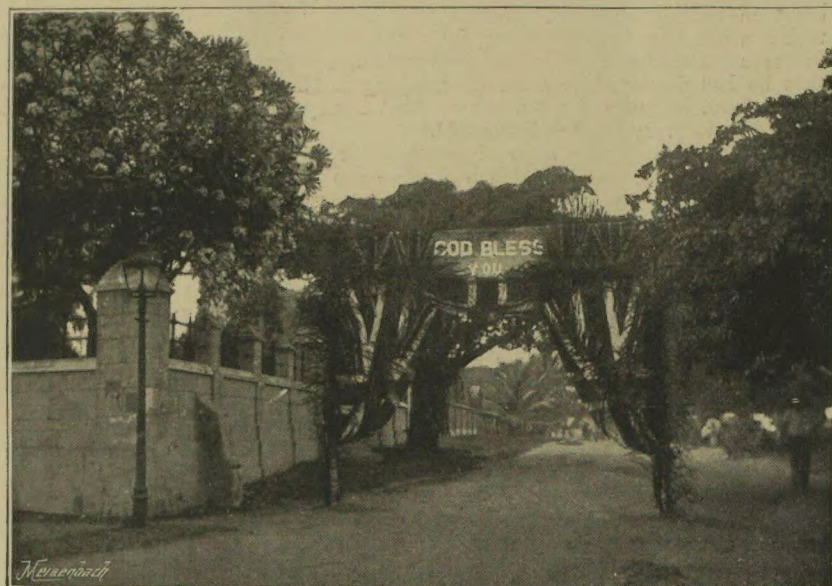
Photo by Abel Lewis, Clifton.

THE LATE LADY CARTER.

Jan. 13. The event has cast a gloom over the entire colony, which had but a few days before welcomed her with enthusiasm. Her Ladyship reached Lagos in the *Axim* on

morning the Marina was thronged with gay crowds of sightseers on the outlook for the carriage which would convey Lady Carter to Government House. In the harbour her Majesty's Colonial yacht *Margaret* and all the mercantile steamers were decked with flags, and carried palm branches on their mastheads. At ten o'clock two guns announced that the steam-tender *Kwarra* had started from the *Axim* with her Ladyship on board. Eighteen hundred school-children sang "Rule, Britannia" on the landing-stage as soon as his Excellency appeared escorting his wife from the steamer. A flourish of trumpets, the music of massed bands, also denoted the arrival of the Governor's wife. A bouquet was presented to Lady Carter by Miss Lawson, a great-granddaughter of the late Bishop Crowther. A ball was given in her Ladyship's honour on Dec. 21, and five days later she was taken ill. Sympathy must be extended towards the Governor of Lagos in his sudden bereavement, and towards the West African colony which mourns the loss of its chief leader of society. Sir Gilbert T. Carter, K.C.M.G., has been Governor

and Commander-in-Chief of Lagos since 1891. The son of a sailor, he entered the Royal Navy thirty years ago, and served in the Government yacht *Sherbro* on the West



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OPPOSITE CHRIST CHURCH.

African coast in 1870 and during the Ashantee War. Retiring in 1875, he became private secretary to the Governor of the Leeward Isles, a position he held till 1879, when he was appointed Treasurer of the Gold Coast and Gambia. He was Administrator of the Gambia from 1888 to 1891. In the following year he was charged with the delicate duty of conducting a mission to the Yorubas, on the termination



GENERAL VIEW OF LAGOS, SHOWING THE MARINA.

Dec. 6, when the whole city turned out to do her honour. The streets, as will be seen from our Illustrations, were decorated, and Sir Gilbert and Lady Carter were greeted everywhere with applause. From eight o'clock in the

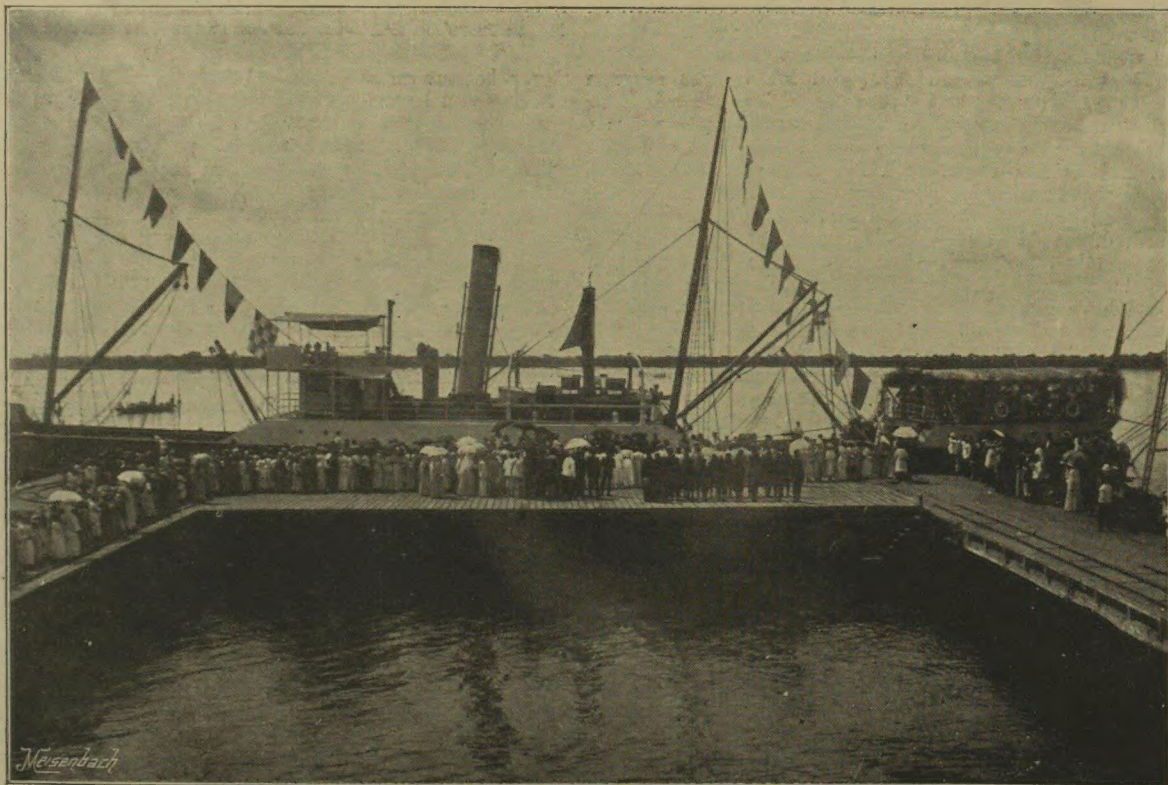


TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF MESSRS. HOLT AND WELCH.

of which he was created K.C.M.G. for "valuable and important services as Governor of Lagos." Lady Carter, whom he married in 1874, was Miss Susan Laura Hocker, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hocker, C.B.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OPPOSITE THE CUSTOMS LANDING-STAGE.



LADY CARTER LANDING AT LAGOS.





GENERAL VIEW OF A MINE.



POLICE CAMP.



A BATTERY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



A STREET IN COOLGARDIE.

THE COOLGARDIE GOLDFIELDS.



BANQUET TO FIFTEEN HUNDRED WAIFS AT THE GUILDHALL.



## PERSONAL.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new incidental music for Mr. Comyns Carr's new play is of a piece with this musician's former work. It would "compose" admirably, so to say, as in a picture, for a detail among the chief labours of Sullivan in the province of comic opera. We do not mean to imply that such a judgment allows Sullivan to have written the best possible music for the best possible of "King Arthurs." The work of half a lifetime, however, fixes a man's artistic character so indelibly that mere intention is not sufficient to change it; and Sir Arthur Sullivan has not, apparently, attempted to make any such change. That in the music which is by way of having a solemnity is not more solemn than, say, the Funeral March from "The Yeomen of the Guard"; and Mr. Carr's not very poetical lyrics are in general set fully to that musical manner of the Savoy which we have learned so well through the cycle of so many years. It is not, therefore, to be denied that for such a subject as "King Arthur," which touches at one or two points that Grail legend so magnificently handled by Wagner in "Parsifal," there seems in this incidental music to be an obviousness and a lack of mystery which, under the circumstances, rob the whole of a certain needful dignity. We would not attach too much importance, indeed, to what must assuredly be considered as little more than merely an occasional composition; but the fact remains that whatever Sir Arthur Sullivan writes must be considered from a serious and responsible point of view, and must be judged from a somewhat exacting standard. It is, of course, a little difficult, among the distractions of acting, to follow incidental music of any kind with extreme care; and let this proviso, therefore, be added as some compensation for faint praise.

Mrs. Wagentruber, who died recently at Delhi, was awarded the Indian Mutiny medal for her heroism during the flight from that city in 1857. She saved the lives of her husband and children, and distinguished herself so greatly in the campaign that the New Woman may sigh with envy.

Mr. John Burns has come back from America with a breezy assurance that when he visits that country for a second time he will make short work of the Socialists. Though himself a Socialist, Mr. Burns has no relish for the American variety of the species. They want impossible things, and Mr. Burns does not trouble himself much about the impossible, in spite of the Norwich resolution of the Trade Union Congress. It may occur, however, even to Mr. Burns's warmest admirers, that there is enough work for a man of his practical intelligence in his own country without these excursions to the United States. He expostulated with unreasonable American working men, but the unreasonable working man is not entirely unknown in Great Britain. Alexander sighed for other worlds to conquer, but Mr. Burns's conquest at home is not so overwhelming that he need go campaigning abroad.

Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, who died last Saturday in his eighty-seventh year, was a man of many and profound accomplishments. Though he had long ceased to practise as a physician, he took a keen interest in every advance of science, and foresaw "The new Day" which future progress is to bring. Perhaps he was prouder of being a cousin of General Gordon than of being a poet, though his period of composition stretched over more than half a century. One of his earliest readers was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, as a boy at King's College, delighted in a sort of prose poems, published anonymously by Hake in four parts, under the title of "Vates." Later this sketch was extended, and appeared under the name of "Valdarno" in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, where Rossetti re-read it with so much pleasure that he wrote to the author, whose great friend he became. The complete edition of Rossetti's works contains reprints of the articles on Hake's poetry he wrote in the *Academy* and in the *Fortnightly Review*. The titles of some of Dr. Hake's volumes are "Parables and Tales," "New Symbols," "Maiden Ecstasy," "The Serpent Play," "Legends of To-Morrow," and "The New Day." A selection of the most characteristic of his poems, which were never less than characteristic, was lately issued from the Bodley Head, with an introductory note by Mrs. Meynell and a portrait by Dante Rossetti for its frontispiece.

Mrs. Besant has written to the *Daily Chronicle* a letter which can scarcely be called a reply to the charges of the *Westminster Gazette*, for it virtually admits the whole case. It is very long and involved, but the gist of it is that Mrs. Besant regards Mr. Judge, vice-president of the Theosophical Society, as the fabricator of messages from the Mahatmas. But he is only "a fellow-sinner," after all, and Mrs. Besant is quite willing to work with him, on the principle of Christian charity, provided that he does not get himself elected president. The condition of mind which prescribes such a solution of the moral problem presented to the Theosophical Society can scarcely satisfy all the members of that body. They are invited to condone the errors of a "fellow-sinner," who is accused of imitating the supposed handwriting of the "Masters." What would

be said of a charitable institution the treasurer of which was charged with framing a false balance-sheet, if the chairman said: "My friends, remember we are fellow-sinners, and that it is our duty to keep our treasurer among us, though we do not entirely approve of his conduct?"

Archdeacon Blakeney, whose death occurred on Saturday last, was known and honoured far beyond the limits of the town of Sheffield, of which he had been Vicar since 1877. He was not a keen controversialist, like his late brother, who founded the Church Association; he won his reputation by downright honest hard work. His parish was always his first care. His connection with Sheffield began in 1860, when he was appointed to the church of St. Paul, where he worked with considerable vigour and ability; and it was almost a foregone conclusion on the preferment of Dr. Rowley Hill to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man that Dr. Blakeney would be his successor. The position of Vicar of Sheffield is one to be coveted. He has the patronage of seven of the best livings of the town in his gift, and he exercises considerable influence upon the Church life of the place. But Archdeacon Blakeney won his position by sheer force of character. Genial, kindly, broad-minded, and large-hearted, he was revered and beloved by all his brother clergy; while in the affection of the large mass of working people there was no one more popular than "the Vicar." Although never a bishop, he was a real "Father in God" to many of the younger clergy of the town. He had the happy knack of never forgetting a face, and he would often surprise men whom others would consider mere casual acquaintances by asking all about their parishes and their work, mentioning by name particular individuals whom he had chanced to meet or hear about. His influence with the people was hardly less marked, and when a few years ago the town was threatened with strike riots it was the Vicar who, alone and unprotected, set out to counteract the evil influence of the agitators. His direct work in the cause of Church extension in the town has been very great. Many new parishes have been formed and churches built which are now filled with loyal and attached congregations. He was a strong believer in mission-rooms, and several of these were planted in the town, while the cause of Church schools ever found in him a warm and generous friend. Archdeacon Blakeney was all his life through devotedly attached to Evangelical truth, and it was to him a great satisfaction, in view of the criticisms passed on Dr. MacLagan's appointment to the Northern Primacy, that the Archbishop himself wrote to him to say that he hoped no act of his archbishopric would cause the Archdeacon to regret the kindly terms in which he had spoken of him and his work. The deceased belonged to a distinguished Irish family.

London sightseers were disappointed not to find the Devonshire Club a heap of smouldering ruins. A fire in the library brought the engines, and the crowd settled down to the enjoyment of a good afternoon's blaze. The windows of White's, opposite, were full of spectators; but in a few minutes the flames were extinguished, and people who came from a distance later in the day to see a regular bonfire found everything proceeding much as usual. A burning club in St. James's Street would certainly have been a rare spectacle. The actual damage at the Devonshire is comparatively slight, and it is not expected that the club will have to be closed for repairs.

Even Lord Mayors are not infallible. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool in a speech let fall a phrase about the hopelessness of dealing with the unemployed. He said he was afraid a large number would have to go to—well, we will not repeat the exact words, for the Lord Mayor says they were "a slip." He asked the reporters to overlook the "slip," and they declined. This raises a nice question. If a speaker wishes to recapture an unfortunate expression which has escaped his lips, ought the reporter to help him? Or must the spoken word remain like the written? Here is a subject for a philosophical treatise to which the Lord Mayor of Liverpool may devote himself when he is relieved of the cares of office.

The English cricket eleven in Australia have suffered a decisive defeat. The Australians won the match at Adelaide by 382 runs, a veritable triumph. The Englishmen made only 124 in the first innings and 143 in the second, succumbing in the final tussle to the deadly bowling of Albert Trott, who took eight wickets for 43 runs. As Trott made 72 not out for the Australians in their second innings, he has deserved well of his colony. Iredale, another colonial batsman, made 140 in the same innings. For some reason the Englishmen were completely overmatched. Out of the three games already decided they have won two, however; and in the two that remain to be played fortune may still befriend them.

There is a disposition to treat the latest bomb explosion as a practical joke. As the machine, when it exploded, would certainly have caused loss of life had anybody been within reach, it is not easy to see the fun. The miscreant who amused himself in this fashion was as bad as an Anarchist, even if he considers himself a humorist. Penal servitude might cure this abnormal sense of the ludicrous.

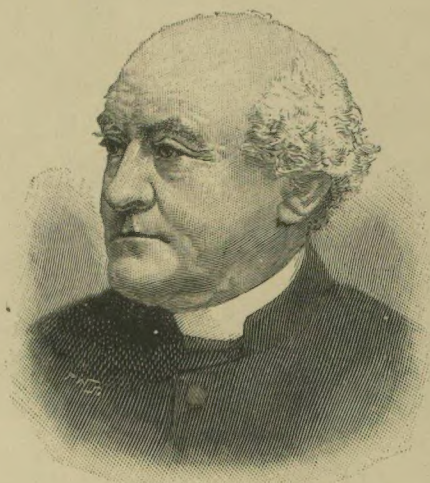


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON BLAKENEY.

The death of Mrs. Bloomer must have recalled to many minds the caricatures with which John Leech used to ridicule the Bloomer costume in *Punch*. This lady was wont to attire herself in a jacket and trousers, the latter very full in the leg and tight at the ankle. The idea was borrowed, of course, from the dress of Turkish women, and spoilt in the borrowing; for while the Turkish dress is graceful, the "Bloomers" were simply hideous. But Mrs. Bloomer was quite innocent of any æsthetic genius. She was a postmistress in some little town, and found that trousers were more convenient for sitting on a stool than the multiplicity of petticoats which women were doomed to wear nearly half a century ago. When Mrs. Bloomer discovered that she had become notorious, she returned to skirts. Probably she would have disapproved the bicycle costume which is popular among Englishwomen now.

The trial of Madame Joniaux at Antwerp gives the English observer the opportunity of congratulating himself on the fact that some things are not managed better abroad. The President of the Antwerp Court cross-examined the accused for three days on the assumption that she was guilty before she was convicted. When she protested against certain evidence, the Bench remarked that she was "a termagant." She was also told that she was cynical, and assuming repentance. This exhibition of judicial bias, which is common in France and Belgium, may explain why French juries are so fond of finding "extenuating circumstances" in atrocious crimes. Probably they think that the behaviour of the judge extenuates the prisoner.

It is satisfactory to know that at least one London correspondent of the American Press has endeavoured to disabuse his readers of the idea that Mr. Henry James was badly treated on the first night of "Guy Domville" because he is an American. There is no silly prejudice among London playgoers against American authors. Mr. James is not personally unpopular; indeed, apart from his books, he is very little known to the general public. It is impossible to defend the unmannerly outbreak of which he was the victim; but it may be said that first-nighters who express their discontent in that fashion are quite ready to visit it on the head of an English dramatist whose work displeases them.

## HORACE'S ODE TO MERCURY.

## BOOK III. ODE XI.

Hermes, whose grace Amphion taught  
The song that bade Thebes' wall arise;  
By whom the voiceless reptile, fraught  
With melodies,

Now peals a sevenfold music, friend  
To festal hall and fane austere;  
Say, to what strain shall Lyde lend  
Her rebel ear?

Who, as a filly scours the plain,  
Wildly the touch of wooer flies,  
Mocking who would her whim restrain  
By suit or sighs.

Tigers thy minstrelsy obeyed;  
The following grove forsook the ground;  
Moveless the hurrying rannel stayed;  
Hell's monstrous hound

Fawned at thy feet, though every head  
Writhed with the asp's envenomed shape,  
And fume and gory foulness fled  
His triple gape.

Yea, they whose limbs the vulture feed,  
Or with the wheel distracted turn,  
Smiled, as thy lay brief peace decreed:  
The Danaid urn

Stood dry, nor mocked the desperate maids  
Erst banded for their bridegrooms' death,  
Whose vase the bickering stream invades,  
Then vanisheth.

In Lyde's ear the tale be told  
Of brides their spouses leagued to slay,  
And all that Hell's abysses hold  
For such as they.

Yet one the torch of nuptial troth  
Shielded, nor shared her parent's crime;  
For splendid scorn of impious oath  
Famed to all time.

"Rise, husband," thus her thrilling tongue  
Rang on the midnight, "rise and flee  
Ere sleep too tranquil and too long  
Take hold on thee.

"Fly from their lion-fangs who tear  
Even now the quarry to the bone;  
Thy life is guarded by her care  
Who yields her own.

"What though my father load these hands  
With chains, defrauded of his prey?  
What though his ships to savage lands  
Bear me away?

"Speed thou, by winds auspicious blown,  
While Night and Love are kind to thee,  
And grave on some memorial stone  
My elegy." R. GARNETT.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and Countess Victoria Gleichen has been there on a visit to her Majesty. The serious illness of Sir Henry Ponsonby, at Osborne Cottage, has caused much regret and anxiety to the Queen and to all the Royal Household.

The Queen received a visit from Lord Rosebery on Jan. 7, and Earl Spencer was her Ministerial visitor from Saturday, Jan. 12, until the Monday morning.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York, on Thursday, Jan. 10, went to Farnham Park, Suffolk, on a visit to Sir William Gilstrap, and next day enjoyed the sport of shooting with a large party, after which they returned to London.

The Duchess of York, after her visit to her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on Friday, Jan. 11, returned to London; since which the Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Sandringham.

On Monday, Jan. 14, the third anniversary of the death of the late Duke of Clarence, the Prince of Wales, his father, with the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, went to Windsor and attended a memorial service in the Albert Chapel, performed by the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Dalton.

Political meetings and speeches have recommenced after the Christmas holidays. The first Cabinet Council of the New Year was held on Thursday, Jan. 10, at the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street. On Tuesday, Jan. 15, meetings at Glasgow were addressed, on the one side, by Sir George Trevelyan, and on the other side by the Duke of Argyll. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour on Wednesday, Jan. 16, began at Manchester a daily course of speeches to the end of the week. Lord Rosebery on Friday, Jan. 18, appears at the Cardiff Congress of the National Liberal Federation. The Duke of Devonshire speaks at Ulverston, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman at Greenwich.

The Duke of Fife on Monday, Jan. 14, presided at a lecture on South Africa by Mr. F. C. Selous, at the Imperial Institute.

Princess Louise presented the shooting prizes to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers on Jan. 16; and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, next day, at Fishmongers' Hall, presented those of the City and Guilds Institute of Technical Instruction.

The Duke of Connaught, on Tuesday, Jan. 15, at the United Service Institution, presided over the annual meeting of the Field Practice Association for Yeomanry Cavalry and Volunteers, assisted by Lord Methuen, commanding the Home Military District, General Sir F. Grenfell, Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, Lord William Seymour, and other officers.

Lord Brassey has been appointed Governor of Victoria; Sir W. F. Haynes Smith, Governor of the Bahamas; Sir Francis Fleming, Governor of the Leeward Islands; and Mr. W. E. Maxwell, Governor of the Gold Coast.

A lamentable disaster took place in the Diglake Colliery, near Audley, in North Staffordshire, on Monday, Jan. 14, by flooding from a sudden inrush of water. There were 238 men working in the mine at noon, and 137 were rescued before six o'clock. Pumping was tried, but the water could be little diminished; and on Tuesday afternoon all hope of saving the men, reckoned at ninety-three or ninety-five, still left below, was reluctantly given up.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived at Cannes on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9, having been delayed five hours on their journey by the snow-drifts in the south of France on the railway from Arles to Marseilles and Toulon. The health of Mr. Gladstone did not suffer from cold or fatigue. He stays a month at Cannes as the guest of Lord Rendel. The Duke of Cambridge is at Cannes, and the Prince of Wales is expected there.

The Common Council of the City of London has taken up an attitude of uncompromising resistance to the metropolitan unification scheme recommended by the late Royal Commission of Inquiry. On Thursday, Jan. 10, the report of a Select Committee, presented by Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips, against that scheme, was unanimously adopted. The City Corporation will consent to those matters, such as main drainage, water supply, and the Thames bridges with their approaches, which belong to the whole work of London improvement, being managed by a single authority. But the City will protest against being amalgamated or absorbed in the metropolis; it claims to preserve its own ancient municipality, its own Guildhall and Mansion House, its own magistracy and judicial tribunals, its own Library, Art Gallery, schools, and markets, and its own police. Its spokesmen recommend that other great local communities or divisions of London, such as Islington, Camberwell, Marylebone, and Kensington, should also become municipalities, with Mayors and Town Councils. The area of the City might also be enlarged—for instance, let us suppose, taking in Southwark, parts of Finsbury, Clerkenwell, St. Luke's, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel. Evidently, Gog and Magog will not be suppressed by the London County Council without a fight worthy of giants.

The election for the Evesham Division of Worcestershire, to be polled on Jan. 22, is hotly contested between the partisans respectively of Colonel Long, the Conservative, and Mr. Impey, the Liberal Ministerialist candidate, each party aided by several members of Parliament. The

Right Hon. H. Chaplin, ex-Minister of Agriculture, goes thither to speak on behalf of Colonel Long.

The Miners' Federation opened its annual conference on Jan. 8 at Birmingham, Mr. Pickard, M.P., presiding; his address reviewed the proceedings of the Conciliation Board created, through Lord Rosebery's mediation, to settle the wages dispute of the great strike in 1893, resulting in a limit put to the reduction of wages until 1896, which he considered was a great stroke of success for the colliery miners. In the Scottish coal trade the attempt of colliery owners to enforce a reduction of ten per cent. had brought on the terrible struggle in the past year.

The Bank of England has notified to the guarantors of the liquidation arrangement, in 1890, of the affairs of Messrs. Baring Brothers, that a final settlement has been completed, that firm having fully repaid all advances made to it by the Bank, and the guarantors will not be called upon for any contribution.

The Law Courts opened for the Hilary Term sittings on Friday, Jan. 11, when the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division held a conference upon the new scheme of a Commercial Cases Court, and other arrangements of the judicature. The High Court sittings at Guildhall are to be discontinued.

The South-Eastern Railway Company had a special meeting on Jan. 10, at which Sir George Russell defended the negotiations of the directors with the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, but declared that they would not allow a penny of their money to be spent on the Channel

house in the Rue de Monceau in Paris, was found there at midnight on Jan. 14, and when thrown into the street went off, shattering some windows, but nobody was hurt.

The German Reichstag at Berlin is debating the Government Bills for increased severity of the criminal law and of the Military Code to repress conspiracy and seditious agitation of a revolutionary or Socialist tendency. The Emperor's Government has announced its intention of adding to the German fleet some new armed cruisers. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, has visited and conferred with Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh.

The Czar celebrated New Year's Day, which fell according to the Russian calendar on Jan. 13, by conferring honours on various high officials, including General Vannovsky, Minister of War.

A new Ministry has been formed in Hungary by Baron Banffy after some abortive endeavours of other party politicians.

The wintry weather in the South of Europe has been very severe; at Vienna the streets have been obstructed by deep snow; the railways have been blocked with snow in Northern and Central Italy and in Spain.

The distress caused in Newfoundland by the bank failures and the stoppage of all trade and industry led, on Jan. 7, to a mob of starving labourers and fishermen breaking in the doors of the Legislative Assembly, and threatening the members. Order was restored by judicious persuasion, and measures have been enacted for the relief of distress, and for some financial support of the banks.

The Japanese army in Manchuria on Jan. 9 captured, after four hours' fighting with the Chinese, the position of Kai-phing, by which a strategic arrangement is completed surrounding the important city of Niu-chwang, at the head of the gulf west of the Liao-Tung promontory, terminating with Port Arthur to the south-east. Niu-chwang is on the road to Peking around the northern shores of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. The winter season, however, is unfavourable to an immediate advance on the Chinese capital. There is a rumour of the assassination of the King of Corea.

The small Himalayan native State of Chitral, in Dardistan, north of Cashmere, which has lately been regarded as useful to the maintenance of our Indian frontier policy on the side of Russian advance movements in the Pamir, is again thrown into anarchy. The Mehtar, the ruling chief or Prince, Nizam-ul-Mulk, placed on the throne by Colonel Durand two years ago, has been murdered by Amir-ul-Mulk, his younger brother. It is what usually happens in those half-savage highland States of Asia.

## THE SITUATION IN SIAM.

The late Crown Prince Maha Vajirunhis was the son of the present King Chulalongkorn and his half-sister Queen Swarug Vadhana. He was born on June 27, 1878, and was in every way a very promising boy. The King married three sisters, daughters of his father, but half-sisters to him. The eldest of these was Queen, and when she and her only son died the second sister became Queen, and her eldest son Crown Prince. She has, besides, two other sons by the King, the eldest twelve years of age, and the other four. Either of these is eligible to be nominated Crown Prince. The eldest son of the third sister, who holds the rank of Princess, not of Queen, is Prince Thoonkramom, who, by a fiction which may be a survival of classificatory marriage, is regarded as whole brother to the sons of the Queen, because his and their mothers are sisters. Being older than the Queen's son, he has, therefore, a good chance of being nominated. He is now just fourteen years of age, and has been in England about a year.

It is intended that, after a few years' private tuition, he shall eventually go to Christ Church and take his B.A. degree before returning to Siam. Several other of the King's sons, by mothers of lower rank, are now in England for their education. The nomination of the new Crown Prince will no doubt be made before long. It depends upon the choice of the King, with the consent of his Ministers, many of whom are princes of the royal blood. It appears that not all Siamese sovereigns have married their half-sisters, for the late King did not. The custom arose from the difficulty of finding princesses of sufficient rank to share the throne, for until comparatively lately Siam knew nothing of foreign States beyond the affairs of her immediate neighbours, the Burmese and Cambodians, with whom she was generally at war. Perhaps in the future alliances will be sought in China and Japan, and the growing feeling in favour of monogamy may prevail.

Through the enlightened policy of the present King, Siam has made great strides in development, and so vast are her resources and fertility that she may in the future become an important power in the East. The Siamese wisely avoid aping European customs like the Japanese, but adopt such of our institutions as suit the character of the people. They have no representative form of government, but they are introducing, slowly and sagaciously, wider education, telegraphs, railways, and improved postal communication throughout the kingdom.

To prepare for these improvements the Siamese are paying a large annual sum for the education of picked men, most of whom are receiving their training in England, some on the railways, others in engineering shops, others in survey offices, and others at school and at the universities. The wisdom of this unselfish policy will be seen in the next generation.



A POSSIBLE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM: PRINCE THOONKRAMOM.

Tunnel; they expect, however, much advantage from the coal lately discovered in Kent. A resolution was passed approving of the policy of the directors.

The Channel mail steam-packet *Empress*, belonging to the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, having in a violent gale on Jan. 4 stranded at Calais Harbour, was got off the sands on Jan. 9 by the combined pulling of five steam-tugs, and was taken into the Carnot Dock. Her steel paddle-wheels are almost destroyed, but the hull is not greatly damaged. She will be repaired at Dover.

France is again suddenly plunged into an alarming Constitutional crisis. The President of the Republic, M. Casimir-Perier, who was elected on June 27 last year after the assassination of President Carnot, has resigned. He seems to have been affected by the death of his friend M. Burdeau, the election of M. Henri Brisson as President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the recent overthrow of the Ministry by a hostile vote of the Chamber. In his Message to the Chamber he complains that "a struggle has been commenced against parliamentary government and the public liberties," and that the First Magistrate of the Republic is left without strength and authority. His decision was announced on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, to M. Challemeil-Lacour, President of the Senate. A special meeting of the Senate and the Chamber has been convened.

The Ministry of M. Dupuy resigned office on Monday, Jan. 14, in consequence of an adverse vote of the Chamber of Deputies—263 to 241—upon the question of the retirement of M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, whose dealings with the Southern and the Orleans Railway Companies were disapproved by the Council of State.

An explosive bomb, placed on the window-sill of a





"KING ARTHUR," AT THE LYCEUM: THE QUEEN'S MAYING IN THE WHITETHORN WOOD.





# EVE'S RANSOM

BY

GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

V.

Two months later, on a brilliant morning of May, Hilliard again awoke from troubled dreams, but the sounds about him had no association with bygone miseries. From the courtyard upon which his window looked there came a

ringing of gay laughter followed by shrill, merry gossip in a foreign tongue. Somewhere in the neighbourhood a church bell was pealing. Presently footsteps hurried along the corridor, and an impatient voice shouted repeatedly, "Alphonse! Alphonse!"

He was in Paris; had been there for six weeks, and now awoke with a sense of loneliness, a desire to be back among his own people.

In London he had spent only a fortnight. It was not a time that he cared to reflect upon. No sooner had he found himself in the metropolis, alone and free, with a pocketful of money, than a delirium possessed him. Every resolution notwithstanding, he yielded to London's grossest lures. All he could remember was a succession of extravagances, beneath a sunless sky, with chance companions whose faces he had forgotten five minutes after parting with them. Sovereign after sovereign melted out of his hand; the end of the second week found his capital diminished by some five-and-twenty pounds. In an hour of physical and moral nausea, he packed his travelling-bag, journeyed to Newhaven, and, as a sort of penance, crossed the Channel by third-class passage. Arrived in Paris, he felt himself secure, and soon recovered sanity.

Thanks to his studious habits, he was equipped with book-French; now, both for economy's sake and for his mental advantage, he struggled with the spoken language, and so far succeeded as to lodge very cheaply in a rather disreputable hotel, and to eat at restaurants where dinner of several courses cost two francs and a half. His life was irreproachable; he studied the Paris of art and history. But perforce he remained companionless, and solitude had begun to weigh upon him.

This morning, whilst he sat over his bowl of coffee and *petit pain*, a certain recollection haunted him persistently. Yesterday, in turning out his pockets, he had come upon a scrap of paper, whereon was written:

"93, Belmont Street, Chalk Farm Road, London, N.W."

This formula it was which now kept running through his mind, like a refrain which will not be dismissed.

He reproached himself for neglect of his promise to Mrs. Brewer. More than that, he charged himself with foolish disregard of a possibility which might have boundless significance for him. Here, it seemed, was sufficient motive for a return to London. The alternative was to wander on, and see more of foreign countries: a tempting suggestion, but marred by the prospect of loneliness. He would go back among his own people and make friends. Without comradeship, liberty had little savour.

Still travelling with as small expense as might be, he reached London in the forenoon, left his luggage at Victoria Station, and, after a meal, betook himself in the northerly direction. It was a rainy and uncomfortable day, but this did not much affect his spirits; he felt like a man new risen from illness, seemed to have cast off something that had threatened his very existence, and marvelled at the state of mind in which it had been possible for him to inhabit London without turning his steps towards the address of Eve Madeley.

He discovered Belmont Street. It consisted of humble houses, and was dreary enough to look upon. As he sought for No. 93, a sudden nervousness attacked him; he became conscious all at once of the strangeness of his position. At this hour it was unlikely that Eve would be at home; an inquiry at the house and the leaving of a verbal message would discharge his obligation; but he purposed more than that. It was his resolve to see Eve herself, to behold the face which, in a picture, had grown so familiar to him. Yet till this moment he had overlooked the difficulties of the enterprise. Could he, on the strength of an acquaintance with Mrs. Brewer, claim the friendly regards of this girl who had never heard his name? If he saw her once, on what pretext could he seek for a second meeting?

Possibly he would not desire it. Eve in her own person might disenchant him.

Meanwhile he had discovered the house, and without further debate he knocked. The door was opened by a woman of ordinary type, slatternly, and with suspicious eye.

"Miss Madeley *did* live here," she said, "but she's been gone a month or more."

"Can you tell me where she is living now?"

After a searching look, the woman replied that she could not. In the manner of her kind, she was anxious to dismiss the inquirer and get the door shut. Gravely disappointed, Hilliard felt unable to turn away without a further question.

"Perhaps you know where she is, or was, employed?"

But no information whatever was forthcoming. It very rarely is under such circumstances, for a London landlady, compounded in general of craft and caution, tends naturally to reticence on the score of her former lodgers. If she has parted with them on amicable terms, her instinct is to shield them against the menace presumed in



"I believe Miss Madeley lives here?"



every inquiry; if her mood is one of ill-will, she refuses information, lest the departed should reap advantage by it. And then, in the great majority of cases she has really no information to give.

The door closed with that severity of exclusion in which London doors excel, and Hilliard turned despondently away. He was just consoling himself with the thought that Eve would probably, before long, communicate her new address to the friends at Dudley, and by that means he might hear of it, when a dirty-faced little girl, who had stood within earshot while he was talking, and who had followed him to the end of the street, approached him with an abrupt inquiry.

"Was you asking for Miss Madeley, Sir?"

"Yes, I was; do you know anything of her?"

"My mother did washing for her, and when she moved I had to take some things of hers to the new address."

"Then you remember it?"

"It's a goodish way from 'ere, Sir. Shall I go with you?"

Hilliard understood. Like the Good Samaritan of old, he took out twopence. The face of the dirty little girl brightened wonderfully.

"Tell me the address; that will be enough."

"Do you know Gower Place, Sir?"

"Somewhere near Gower Street, I suppose?"

His supposition was confirmed, and he learnt the number of the house to which Miss Madeley had transferred herself. In that direction he at once bent his steps.

Gower Place is in the close neighbourhood of Euston Road; Hilliard remembered that he had passed the end of it on his first arrival in London, when he set forth from Euston Station to look for a lodging. It was a mere chance that he had not turned into this very street, instead of going further. Several windows displayed lodging-cards. On the whole, it looked a better locality than Belmont Street. Eve's removal hither might signify an improvement of circumstances.

The house which he sought had a clean doorstep and unusually bright windows. His knock was answered quickly, and by a young, sprightly woman, who smiled upon him.

"I believe Miss Madeley lives here?"

"Yes, she does."

"She is not at home just now?"

"No. She went out after breakfast, and I'm sure I can't say when she'll be back."

Hilliard felt a slight wonder at this uncertainty. The young woman, observing his expression, added with vivacious friendliness:

"Do you want to see her on business?"

"No; a private matter."

This occasioned a smirk.

"Well, she hasn't any regular hours at present. Sometimes she comes to dinner, sometimes she doesn't. Sometimes she comes to tea, but just as often she isn't 'ome till late. Pr'aps you'd like to leave your name?"

"I think I'll call again."

"Did you expect to find her at 'ome now?" asked the young woman, whose curiosity grew more eager as she watched Hilliard's countenance.

"Perhaps," he replied, neglecting the question, "I should find her here to-morrow morning?"

"Well, I can say as someone's going to call, you know."

"Please do so."

Therewith he turned away, anxious to escape a volley of interrogation for which the landlady's tongue was primed.

He walked into Gower Street, and pondered the awkward interview that now lay before him. On his calling to-morrow, Miss Madeley would doubtless come to speak with him at the door; even supposing she had a parlour at her disposal, she was not likely to invite a perfect stranger into the house. How could he make her acquaintance on the doorstep? To be sure, he brought a message, but this commission had been so long delayed that he felt some shame about discharging it. In any case, his delivery of the message would sound odd; there would be embarrassment on both sides.

Why was Eve so uncertain in her comings and goings? Necessity of business, perhaps. Yet he had expected quite the opposite state of things. From Mrs. Brewer's description of the girl's character, he had imagined her leading a life of clockwork regularity. The point was very trivial, but it somehow caused a disturbance of his thoughts, which tended to misgiving.

In the meantime he had to find quarters for himself. Why not seek them in Gower Place?

After ten minutes' sauntering, he retraced his steps, and walked down the side of the street opposite to that on which Eve's lodgings were situated. Nearly over against that particular house was a window with a card. Carelessly he approached the door, and carelessly asked to see the rooms that were to let. They were comfortable, but would suit his purpose for a time. He engaged a sitting-room on the ground-floor, and a bed-room above, and went to fetch his luggage from Victoria Station.

On the steamer last night he had not slept, and now that he was once more housed, an overpowering fatigue constrained him to lie down and close his eyes. Almost immediately he fell into oblivion, and lay sleeping on the cranky sofa, until the entrance of a girl with tea-things awakened him.

From his parlour window he could very well observe the houses opposite without fear of drawing attention from anyone on that side; and so it happened that, without deliberate purpose of espial, he watched the door of Eve Madeley's residence for a long time; till, in fact, he grew weary of the occupation. No one had entered; no one had come forth. At half-past seven he took his hat and left the house.

Scarcely had he closed the door behind him when he became aware that a lightly tripping and rather showily dressed girl, who was coming down the other side of the way, had turned off the pavement and was plying the knocker at the house which interested him. He gazed eagerly. Impossible that a young person of that garb and deportment should be Eve Madeley. Her face was hidden from him, and at this distance he could not have recognised

the features, even presuming that his familiarity with the portrait, taken more than two years ago, would enable him to identify Eve when he saw her. The door opened; the girl was admitted. Afraid of being noticed, he walked on.

The distance to the head of the street was not more than thirty yards; there lay Gower Street, on the right hand the Metropolitan station, to the left a long perspective southwards. Delaying in doubt as to his course, Hilliard glanced back. From the house which attracted his eyes he saw come forth the girl who had recently entered, and close following her another young woman. They began to walk sharply towards where he stood.

He did not stir, and the couple drew so near that he could observe their faces. In the second girl he recognised—or believed that he recognised—Eve Madeley.

She wore a costume in decidedly better taste than her companion's; for all that, her appearance struck him as quite unlike that he would have expected Eve Madeley to present. He had thought of her as very plainly, perhaps poorly, clad; but this attire was ornate, and looked rather expensive; it might be in the mode of the new season. In figure, she was altogether a more imposing young woman than he had pictured to himself. His pulses were sensibly quickened as he looked at her.

The examination was of necessity hurried. Walking at a sharp pace, they rapidly came close to where he stood. He drew aside to let them pass, and at that moment caught a few words of their conversation.

"I told you we should be late," exclaimed the unknown girl, in friendly remonstrance.

"What does it matter?" replied Eve—if Eve it were.

"I hate standing at the doors. We shall find seats somewhere."

Her gay, careless tones astonished the listener. Involuntarily he began to follow; but at the edge of the pavement in Gower Street they stopped, and by advancing another step or two he distinctly overheard the continuation of their talk.

"The 'bus will take a long time."

"Bother the 'bus!" This was Eve Madeley again—if Eve it could really be. "We'll have a cab. Look, there's a crawler in Euston Road. I've stopped him!"

"I say, Eve, you are going it!"

This exclamation from the other girl was the last sentence that fell on Hilliard's ear. They both tripped off towards the cab which Eve's gesture had summoned. He saw them jump in and drive away.

"I say, Eve, you are going it!" Why, there his doubt was settled; the name confirmed him in his identification. But he stood motionless with astonishment.

They were going to a theatre, of course. And Eve spoke as if money were of no consequence to her. She had the look, the tones, of one bent on enjoying herself, of one who habitually pursued pleasure, and that in its most urban forms.

Her companion had a voice of thinner quality, of higher note, which proclaimed a subordinate character. It sounded, moreover, with the London accent, while Eve's struck a more familiar note to the man of the Midlands. Eve seemed to be the elder of the two; it could not be thought for a moment that her will was guided by that of the more trivial girl.

Eve Madeley—the meek, the melancholy, the long-suffering, the pious—what did it all mean?

Utterly bewildered, the young man walked on without thought of direction, and rambled dreamily about the streets for an hour or two. He could not make up his mind whether or not to fulfil the promise of calling to see Miss Madeley to-morrow morning. At one moment he regretted having taken lodgings in Gower Place; at another he determined to make use of his advantage, and play the spy upon Eve's movements without scruple. The interest she had hitherto excited in him was faint indeed compared with emotions such as this first glimpse of her had kindled and fanned. A sense of peril warned him to hold aloof; tumult of his senses rendered the warning useless.

At eleven o'clock he was sitting by his bed-room window, in darkness, watching the house across the way.

## VI.

It was just upon midnight when Eve returned. She came at a quick walk, and alone; the light of the street-lamps showed her figure distinctly enough to leave the watcher in no doubt. A latchkey admitted her to the house. Presently there appeared a light at an upper window, and a shadow kept moving across the blind. When the light was extinguished Hilliard went to bed, but that night he slept little.

The next morning passed in restless debate with himself. He did not cross the way to call upon Eve: the thought of speaking with her on the doorstep of a lodging-house proved intolerable. All day long he kept his post of observation. Other persons he saw leave and enter the house, but Miss Madeley did not come forth. That he could have missed her seemed impossible, for even while eating his meals he remained by the window. Perchance she had left home very early in the morning, but it was unlikely.

Through the afternoon it rained: the gloomy sky intensified his fatigue and despondence. About six o'clock, exhausted in mind and body, he had allowed his attention to stray, when the sudden clang of a street organ startled him. His eyes turned in the wonted direction—and instantly he sprang up. To clutch his hat, to rush from the room and from the house, occupied but a moment. There, walking away on the other side, was Eve. Her fawn-coloured mantle, her hat with the yellow flowers, were the same as yesterday. The rain had ceased; in the western sky appeared promise of a fair evening.

Hilliard pursued her in a parallel line. At the top of the street she crossed towards him; he let her pass by and followed closely. She entered the booking-office of Gower Street station; he drew as near as possible and heard her ask for a ticket—

"Healthies; third return."

The slang term for the Health Exhibition at Kensington was familiar to him from the English papers he had seen in Paris. As soon as Eve had passed, on he obtained a like

ticket and hastened down the steps in pursuit. A minute or two and he was sitting face to face with her in the railway carriage.

He could now observe her at his leisure and compare her features with those represented in the photograph. Mrs. Brewer had said truly that the portrait did not do her justice; he saw the resemblance, yet what a difference between the face he had brooded over at Dudley and that which lived before him! A difference not to be accounted for by mere lapse of time. She could not, he thought, have changed greatly in the last two or three years, for her age at the time of sitting for the photograph must have been at least one-and-twenty. She did not look older than he had expected: it was still a young face, but—and herein he found its strangeness—that of a woman who views life without embarrassment, without anxiety. She sat at her ease, casting careless glances this way and that. When her eyes fell upon him he winced, yet she paid no more heed to him than to the other passengers.

Presently she became lost in thought; her eyes fell. Ah! now the resemblance to the portrait came out more distinctly. Her lips shaped themselves to that expression which he knew so well, the half-smile telling of habitual sadness.

His fixed gaze recalled her to herself, and immediately the countenance changed beyond recognition. Her eyes wandered past him with a look of cold if not defiant reserve; the lips lost all their sweetness. He was chilled with vague distrust, and once again asked himself whether this could be the Eve Madeley whose history he had heard.

Again she fell into abstraction, and some trouble seemed to grow upon her mind. It was difficult now to identify her with the girl who had talked and laughed so gaily last evening. Towards the end of the journey a nervous restlessness began to appear in her looks and movements. Hilliard felt that he had annoyed her by the persistency of his observation, and tried to keep his eyes averted. But no; the disturbance she betrayed was due to some other cause; probably she paid not the least regard to him.

At Earl's Court she alighted hurriedly. By this time Hilliard had begun to feel shame in the ignoble part he was playing, but choice he had none—the girl drew him irresistibly to follow and watch her. Among the crowd entering the Exhibition he could easily keep her in sight without risk of his espial being detected. That Eve had come to keep an appointment with some acquaintance he felt sure, and at any cost he must discover who the person was.

The event justified him with unexpected suddenness. No sooner had she passed the turnstile than a man stepped forward, saluting her in form. Eve shook hands with him, and they walked on.

Uncontrollable wrath seized on Hilliard and shook him from head to foot. A meeting of this kind was precisely what he had foreseen, and he resented it violently.

Eve's acquaintance had the external attributes of a gentleman. One could not easily imagine him a clerk or shop-assistant smartened up for the occasion. He was plain of feature, but wore a pleasant, honest look, and his demeanour to the girl showed not only good breeding but unmistakable interest of the warmest kind. His age might perhaps be thirty; he was dressed well, and in all respects conventionally.

In Eve's behaviour there appeared a very noticeable reserve; she rarely turned her face to him while he spoke, and seemed to make only the briefest remarks. Her attention was given to the objects they passed.

Totally unconscious of the scenes through which he was moving, Hilliard tracked the couple for more than an hour. He noticed that the man once took out his watch, and from this trifling incident he sought to derive a hope; perhaps Eve would be quit ere long of the detested companionship. They came at length to where a band was playing, and sat down on chairs; the pursuer succeeded in obtaining a seat behind them, but the clamour of instruments overpowered their voices, or rather the man's voice, for Eve seemed not to speak at all. One moment, when her neighbour's head approached nearer than usual to hers, she drew slightly away.

The music ceased, whereupon Eve's companion again consulted his watch.

"It's a most unfortunate thing," He was audible now. "I can't possibly stay longer."

Eve moved on her chair, as if in readiness to take leave of him, but she did not speak.

"You think it likely you will meet Miss Ringrose?"

Eve answered, but the listener could not catch her words.

"I'm so very sorry. If there had been any—"

The voice sank, and Hilliard could only gather from observance of the man's face that he was excusing himself in fervent tones for the necessity of departure. Then they both rose and walked a few yards together. Finally, with a sense of angry exultation, Hilliard saw them part.

For a little while Eve stood watching the musicians, who were making ready to play a new piece. As soon as the first note sounded she moved slowly, her eyes cast down. With fiercely throbbing heart, thinking and desiring and hoping he knew not what, Hilliard once more followed her. Night had now fallen; the grounds of the Exhibition shone with many-coloured illumination; the throng grew dense. It was both easy and necessary to keep very near to the object of his interest.

There sounded a clinking of plates, cups, and glasses. People were sitting at tables in the open air, supplied with refreshments by the waiters who hurried hither and thither. Eve, after a show of hesitation, took a seat by a little round table which stood apart; her pursuer found a place whence he could keep watch. She gave an order, and presently there was brought to her a glass of wine with a sandwich.

Hilliard called for a bottle of ale: he was consumed with thirst.

"Dare I approach her?" he asked himself. "Is it possible? And, if possible, is it any use?"

The difficulty was to explain his recognition of her. But for that, he might justify himself in addressing her.



She had finished her wine and was looking round. Her glance fell upon him, and for a moment rested. With a courage not his own, Hilliard rose, advanced, and respectfully doffed his hat.

"Miss Madeley—"

The note was half interrogative, but his voice failed before he could add another syllable. Eve drew herself up, rigid in the alarm of female instinct.

"I am a stranger to you," Hilliard managed to say. "But I come from Dudley; I know some of your friends—"

His hurried words fell into incoherence. At the name "Dudley" Eve's features relaxed.

"Was it you who called at my lodgings the day before yesterday?"

"I did. Your address was given me by Mrs. Brewer, in whose house I have lived for a long time. She wished me to call and to give you a kind message—to say how glad they would be to hear from you—"

"But you *didn't* leave the message."

The smile put Hilliard at his ease, it was so gentle and friendly.

"I wasn't able to come at the time I mentioned. I should have called to-morrow."

"But how is it that you knew me? I think," she added, without waiting for a reply, "that I have seen you somewhere. But I can't remember where."

"Perhaps in the train this evening?"

"Yes; so it was. You knew me then?"

"I thought I did, for I happened to come out from my lodgings at the moment you were leaving yours, just opposite, and we walked almost together to Gower Street station. I must explain that I have taken rooms in Gower Place. I didn't like to speak to you in the street; but now that I have again chanced to see you—"

"I still don't understand," said Eve, who was speaking with the most perfect ease of manner. "I am not the only person living in that house. Why should you take it for granted that I was Miss Madeley?"

Hilliard had not ventured to seat himself; he stood before her, head respectfully bent.

"At Mrs. Brewer's I saw your portrait." Her eyes fell.

"My portrait. You really could recognise me from that?"

"Oh, readily! Will you allow me to sit down?"

"Of course. I shall be glad to hear the news you have brought. I couldn't imagine who it was had called and wanted to see me. But there's another thing. I didn't think Mrs. Brewer knew my address. I have moved since I wrote to her daughter."

"No; it was the old address she gave me. I ought to have mentioned that; it escaped my mind. First of all I went to Belmont Street."

"Mysteries still!" exclaimed Eve. "The people *there* couldn't know where I had gone to."

"A child who had carried some parcel for you to Gower Place volunteered information."

Outwardly amused, and bearing herself as though no incident could easily disconcert her, Eve did not succeed in suppressing every sign of nervousness. Constrained by his wonder to study her with critical attention, the young man began to feel assured that she was consciously acting a part. That she should be able to carry it off so well, therein lay the marvel. Of course, London had done much for her. Possessing no common gifts, she must have developed remarkably under changed conditions, and might, indeed, have become a very different person from the country girl who toiled to support her drunken father's family. Hilliard remembered the mention of her sister, who had gone to Birmingham and disappeared; it suggested a characteristic of the Madeley blood, which possibly must be borne in mind if he would interpret Eve.

She rested her arms on the little round table.

"So Mrs. Brewer asked you to come and find me?"

"It was only a suggestion, and I may as well tell you how it came about. I used to have my meals in Mrs. Brewer's parlour, and to amuse myself I looked over her album. There I found your portrait, and—well, it interested me, and I asked the name of the original."

Hilliard was now in command of himself; he spoke with simple directness, as his desires dictated.

"And Mrs. Brewer," said Eve, with averted eyes, "told you about me?"

"She spoke of you as her daughter's friend," was the evasive answer. Eve seemed to accept it as sufficient, and there was a long silence.

"My name is Hilliard," the young man resumed. "I am taking the first holiday, worth speaking of, that I have known for a good many years. At Dudley my business was to make mechanical drawings, and I can't say that I enjoyed the occupation."

"Are you going back to it?"

"Not just yet. I have been in France, and I may go abroad again before long."

"For your pleasure?" Eve asked, with interest.

"To answer 'Yes' wouldn't quite express what I mean. I am learning to live."

She hastily searched his face for the interpretation of these words, then looked away, with grave, thoughtful countenance.

"By good fortune," Hilliard pursued, "I have become possessed of money enough to live upon for a year or two. At the end of it I may find myself in the old position, and have to be a living machine once more. But I shall be able to remember that I was once a man."

Eve regarded him strangely, with wide, intent eyes, as though his speech had made a peculiar impression upon her.

"Can you see any sense in that?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes. I think I understand you."

She spoke slowly, and Hilliard, watching her, saw in her face more of the expression of her portrait than he had yet discovered. Her soft tone was much more like what he had expected to hear than her utterances hitherto.

"Have you always lived at Dudley?" she asked.

He sketched rapidly the course of his life, without reference to domestic circumstances. Before he had ceased speaking he saw that Eve's look was directed towards something at a distance behind him; she smiled, and at length nodded, in recognition of some person who approached. Then a voice caused him to look round.

"Oh, there you are! I have been hunting for you ever so long."

As soon as Hilliard saw the speaker, he had no difficulty in remembering her. It was Eve's companion of the day before yesterday, with whom she had started for the theatre. The girl evidently felt some surprise at discovering her friend in conversation with a man she did

She moved on, and they rambled aimlessly; among cigar-smoking clerks and shopmen, each with the female of his kind in wondrous hat and drapery; among domestic groups from the middle-class suburbs, and from regions of the artisan; among the frankly rowdy and the solemnly superior; here and there a man in evening dress, generally conscious of his white tie and starched shirt, and a sprinkling of unattached young women with roving eyes. Hilliard, excited by the success of his advances, and by companionship after long solitude, became very unlike himself, talking and jesting freely. Most of the conversation passed between him and Miss Ringrose; Eve had fallen into an absent mood, answered carelessly when addressed, laughed without genuine amusement, and sometimes wore the look of trouble which Hilliard had observed whilst in the train.

Before long she declared that it was time to go home.

"What's the hurry?" said her friend. "It's nothing like ten o'clock yet—is it, Mr. Hilliard?"

"I don't wish to stay any longer. Of course you needn't go unless you like, Patty."

Hilliard had counted on travelling back with her; to his great disappointment, Eve answered his request to be allowed to do so with a coldly civil refusal which there was no misunderstanding.

"But I hope you will let me see you again?"

"As you live so near me," she answered, "we are pretty sure to meet. Are you coming or not, Patty?"

"Oh, of course I shall go if you do."

The young man shook hands with them; rather formally with Eve, with Patty Ringrose as cordially as if they were old friends. And then he lost sight of them amid the throng.

(To be continued.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Arrangements are being made for the Church Congress which is to be held in Norwich. It is to be made an East Anglian Congress, and deputations are to be sent to various towns of East Anglia to stir up Church feeling. £1500 has been subscribed as the guarantee fund.

The Laud Exhibition is decidedly interesting. Among the most important items are the Archbishop's manuscript history of his troubles, and his diary. There is also the manuscript copy of the devotions of Bishop Andrewes, his own copy, "watered with his tears," which the Bishop himself gave to Laud. Other cases show a unique collection of letters and other papers of Laud, Juxon, and Williams, and there are many excellent pictures and engravings.

Among the most notable men present at Laud's commemoration last Thursday week were Canon Browne, of St. Paul's, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, now Vicar of St. Mark's, Windsor, and Mr. H. C. Richards. Canon Mason read in a clear and resonant voice the account of the execution from Heylin's "Life of Laud." Later on in the afternoon the Bishop of Peterborough gave to a crowded congregation an address on Laud's general position. While he declined to approve of the means Laud adopted to attain his end, he asserted the Archbishop's undying claim to the homage of English Churchmen on the ground that he did so much to fix the character of the English Church.

As might have been expected, the commemoration has elicited very various opinions. The *Church Times* says that "Among the splendid company of saints, martyrs, theologians, and statesmen who have lived, laboured, and died for the Church of God in England, there is no other to whom the Church owes a debt so tremendous, so unique, and so permanent as she does to her great-hearted Primate, William Laud." The *Methodist Times*, on the other hand, says that "the chief Anglican hero of the hour is Archbishop Laud, the deadliest enemy of the Christianity of Christ which modern England has ever known."

Dr. Berry, the well-known Nonconformist minister, says that Laud was "one of the worst men that ever disgraced the Church or imperilled the Gospel, a heartless and persecuting ecclesiastic." These utterances are largely explained by the positions of the speakers, but it is not easy to account for the differences as to Laud's intellectual and moral character which exist between men who are not interested in ecclesiastical or theological subjects.

It is not true that the Bishop of London has withdrawn the license of a clergyman in the north-west of London for teaching the Invocation of the Saints and the "Hail, Mary." The Bishop cited the clergyman to show cause why his license should not be withdrawn, and the clergyman has, in deference to the Bishop's desire, undertaken to abstain from the practices referred to.

The *Guardian*, in a notice of Mr. W. S. Lilley's paper in the *New Review* on the problem of purity, says: "It is very outspoken, but it is outspoken on the right side, and the time will soon come, if it has not come already, when decent people will be driven to use plain language when they had much rather be silent. We can thoroughly and cordially recommend Mr. Lilley's handling of a most thorny subject." Mr. Lilley's paper, I may explain, is an argument for the C.D. Acts from a Christian point of view.

Miss Dorothea Beale has written a notice of her friend, the late Miss Buss. She dwells on Miss Buss's deeply religious and charitable character, and especially of her devotional habits.

The *Guardian* makes up for its remissness last week by two articles on Miss Rossetti, both of them fairly well written.



"I am a stranger to you," Hilliard managed to say. "But I come from Dudley; I know some of your friends."

not know; but Eve was equal to the situation, and spoke calmly.

"This gentleman is from my part of the world—from Dudley. Mr. Hilliard—Miss Ringrose."

Hilliard stood up. Miss Ringrose, after attempting a bow of formal dignity, jerked out her hand, gave a shy little laugh, and said with amusing abruptness—

"Do you really come from Dudley?"

"I do really, Miss Ringrose. Why does it sound strange to you?"

"Oh, I don't mean that it sounds strange." She spoke in a high but not unmusical note, very quickly, and with timid glances to either side of her interlocutor. "But Eve—Miss Madeley—gave me the idea that Dudley people must be great, rough, sooty men. Don't laugh at me, please. You know very well, Eve, that you always talk in that way. Of course, I knew that there must be people of a different kind, but—there now, you're making me confused, and I don't know what I meant to say."

She was a thin-faced, but rather pretty girl, with auburn hair. Belonging to a class which, especially in its women, has little intelligence to boast of, she yet redeemed herself from the charge of commonness by a certain vivacity of feature and an agreeable suggestion of good feeling in her would-be frank but nervous manner. Hilliard laughed merrily at the vision in her mind of "great, rough, sooty men."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ringrose."

"No, but really—what sort of a place is Dudley? Is it true that they call it the Black Country?"

"Let us walk about," interposed Eve. "Mr. Hilliard will tell you all he can about the Black Country."



# THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Fort. Baltimore (United States). Chefoo Bluff. Severn. Junks. Mercury. Æolus. Alexandrine Forfait (German). (French).



Crescent. Centurion. Undaunted. Leander. Edgar.

THE ENGLISH FLEET LEAVING CHEFOO HARBOUR, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

From a Sketch by Mr. H. C. Dewar, H.M.S. "Centurion."

Tonga. Heiyei. Fuso. Fort. Japanese Men-of-War and Torpedo-boats.



Teiyei. H.M.S. Centurion, with Admiral Fremantle.

THE "CENTURION" PASSING TA-JIEN-WHAN BAY, WHERE THE JAPANESE LANDED TROOPS TO TAKE PORT ARTHUR

From a Sketch by Mr. B. Meadows-Taylor, H.M.S. "Centurion."



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Fort.

Fort.

Docks.

Fort.



The march of the Japanese army was between the two forts on the left.

INSIDE PORT ARTHUR HARBOUR.

Torpedo-boats.

Japanese Fleet in the distance.  
Two Cruisers and Torpedo-boats.

From a Sketch by Mr. B. Meadows-Taylor, H.M.S. "Centurion."



Storming of the Forts by Japanese advance guard.

Field Battery.

THE STORMING OF PORT ARTHUR BY THE JAPANESE.

From a Sketch by Mr. B. Meadows-Taylor, H.M.S. "Centurion."



## ART NOTES.

Thomas Rowlandson, who is popularly known only as a caricaturist through the medium of coarsely coloured prints, was an artist of considerable power and much refinement. The collection of his original drawings now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery will, it is hoped, place him in the position to which his art entitles him. Received among the very first pupils whom the then recently established Royal Academy undertook to train, Rowlandson made rapid progress, especially in his studies from life; and these he pushed further when, a year or two later, he went to reside in Paris with a French aunt. Here he learnt a delicacy of touch as well as of colouring which distinguishes his work from that of his contemporaries. With a far wider range of fancy and sympathy than his rival Gillray, he succeeded in raising political and social caricature from the coarseness and brutality with which, since Hogarth, it had been tinged, and as a careful student of humanity, found interest in its cares and foibles. He is tender and chivalrous in his treatment of the poor and toilworn, but unsparing for knaves, impostors, and tyrants. In some of his attacks the rough ways of his time come out, but one feels that he is in no sense a keen politician as Gillray was, and incapable of the savage zeal which inspired his contemporary. Rowlandson excelled in rustic scenes, and in the rendering of sailors and fisherfolk. His drawing was fine, full of expression and movement, but he paid too little attention to the general effect of his pictures. Here and there we get touches of landscape or streets serving as settings or backgrounds to his groups, showing a real sense of nature; but as a rule it is the human beings which most interest Gillray, whether in English county towns, on the coast of the Isle of Wight, on the canals of Holland, or the beaten roads of Picardy, and his accurate knowledge of anatomy, his long and careful studies of the life-model, had not only given him proficiency as a figure-painter, but stimulated in him a devotion to that branch of his art.



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: THE ENGLISH FLEET ARRIVING OFF PORT ARTHUR.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Wyld, R.M.S. "Leander."

The exhibition is full of interest, not only for the students of art and caricature, but for those also who would learn something of the life of the people when George III. was King.

Of the many ways for obtaining notoriety—if absolute fame be not within one's reach—there is none more harmless or praiseworthy than that of exhibiting one's pictures to the public. Mr. Harry Quilter has had opportunities and possesses qualifications for collecting pictures, and if we are tempted to stumble at the title he gives to his show—"The Expressionists, A.D. 1300-1890"—we recognise the skill with which its contents have been brought together and the critical value of the article which accompanies the catalogue. There is no ballet-girl, costermonger, or music-hall scene in the whole series; so that it may be said that the latest development of modern art is not represented. In other respects we find specimens of most schools, English as well as foreign; and although they may not be the finest works of the greatest artists, they express sufficiently well the general art tendencies of the times in which they respectively lived. We confess that with the greater number of Mr. Quilter's Old Masters we have but little sympathy, for although carefully chosen, those pictures which bear the loudest sounding names seem to have but little of the original painters' work remaining. With the more modern work the case is very different, and such works as Sir John Millais' "Ophelia," G. Pinwell's "Old Manor House" and a dozen other brilliant sketches by the same artist, Mr. Watts's "Rain-Cloud," S. Scott's "Rochester Bridge," and the collection of Mr. J. W. North's water-colours, would together repay a visit to the Dudley Gallery. For those to whom the pen and pencil drawings of Rossetti, Millais, Watts, Caldecott, and Pinwell have any attraction, there is a plentiful supply; and among less well-known names, one may mention those of G. P. Yeatherd, Boyd Houghton and Carlo Biseo, as instances of Mr. Quilter's catholic taste and excellent judgment; while such works as William Hunt's "Eavesdropper," Mr. Frederick Walker's "Strange Fancy," and David Cox's "Green Lanes," show that he does not disregard the value of a popular verdict.

A portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh reproduced from a picture which formerly belonged to the Duchess of Dorset has been substituted for that originally issued by the Art for Schools Association. The new portrait, of which the painter is unknown, conveys the idea of a far more real and lifelike resemblance than the well-known but conventional figure given in Vertue's engraving. The Art for Schools Association is fortunate in having for one of its honorary secretaries Mr. L. Cust, of the British Museum Print Room, whose knowledge of old English and other portraits has been of the greatest value to the society. By his aid rare and scarcely known portraits of eminent personages have been brought to light and reproduced in the series of Historical Portraits issued by the society. Although primarily selected to illustrate periods of English history for use in elementary schools, the portraits are also accessible to the public, and are issued gratuitously to subscribers. This year it is proposed to reproduce two wholly unknown prints, by John Pine—"Friar Pine," Hogarth's friend—of the Houses of Lords and Commons during Walpole's Administration. Although the prints are comparatively small, the likenesses of the leading politicians of the time are said to be wonderfully accurate and distinct. Moreover, these prints will take us back to the House of Commons of nearly two generations before Hinckel's famous picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Year's Art, 1895 (J. S. Virtue and Co.), has special features of interest which deserve recognition. The portraits of the year are those of artists in black-and-white, among whom are included Sir F. Seymour Haden, Sir Francis Lockwood, Mr. Whistler, and many other notabilities. Several portraits, however, instead of being reproduced from photographs, more or less within the reach of all, are from sketches made by themselves or of one another. We thus have Mr. Whistler as etched by

## THE DEFENCE OF PEKIN.

The New Year has brought with it no cessation of hostilities between Japan and China. On the contrary the Mikado's commanders are pushing forward to the capture of Shan-hai-Kwan, the last defence of Peking, with all available speed. Shan-hai-Kwan has always been a military dépôt; but recently the Prussian engineers in the Chinese service have made of it a veritable bulwark against the Japanese invasion. A line of redoubts has been constructed capable of offering stout resistance if the men behind the embrasures can be induced to maintain their ground. Then the famous Great Wall itself is there, for at Shan-hai-Kwan this wonderful structure terminates, or rather at the sea-coast, only two miles away. Just outside the walls of the city the true Great Wall, portions of which were constructed as far back as 213 B.C., unites with a spurious wall, which at a few miles distance degenerates into a decayed wooden palisade. Neither wall nor palisade, formidable obstacles as they may have been in the days of archery, would present the slightest impediment to the onward progress of a force so well equipped with modern engines of destruction as that which flies the chrysanthemum flag. It must be upon the creations of Von Hanneken and his colleagues that the defenders will have to rely when their enemies arrive, and if Krupp guns and every other warlike appliance that the West can supply will make the garrison courageous, the fortress of Shan-hai-Kwan ought to hold out well.

It is probable that Wei-hai-Wei will have to bear the brunt of a vigorous naval attack from the fleet under Admiral Ito before many days. This harbour does not become closed by ice in the same way as the ports in the Liao-Tung and Pe-chi-li gulfs, so that there is nothing to prevent the Japanese admiral delivering a blow at this maritime stronghold simultaneously with the projected assault on the defences of Shan-hai-Kwan.

It is understood that no fewer than 75,000 Chinese

troops have been massed at this latter point, and the Japanese will bring against them a force numerically but little inferior when the armies of Marshal Oyama and General Nodzu coalesce. The apparent delay is ascribable principally to the paramount necessity of carrying rice in bulk with each army, as the land it passes through has been utterly denuded of everything that would serve to feed the troops.

Little difficulty is being experienced with the scattered bands of Chinese which remain near the Liao River. They are in constant danger of being taken in flank by the corps advancing from the eastward and from Port Arthur. The policy of the invaders has been throughout to drive the Chinese away from Manchuria, and as the Mikado's forces press westward the defenders fall back upon Shan-hai-Kwan. At the present rate of progress on the attack upon that stronghold will not be delivered before the latter part of January, but the assailants have it in view to land part of their forces, it would appear, at a point to the south of the Great Wall, and repeat the tactics, so successfully pursued at Ping-Yang and Chu-lien-Chang, of bringing pressure to bear from two or more directions concurrently.

The Autumn Palace of the Chinese Emperors at Jehol, where Earl Macartney's embassy was received by Chien-Lung in 1793, is not far from Shan-hai-Kwan, by way of the Great Wall, and there also is situated the imperial hunting park of 8000 square miles area, a territory larger than the principality of Wales. The Manchus who guarded this park have been withdrawn to fight the Japanese, and the country people have shown their disrespect for the falling dynasty by looting the palace and grounds.

China bids fair to break up into numerous small kingdoms, each maintaining its own army, and, in the case of maritime States, each its own navy. This will mean, in reality, that opening up of China to foreign trade and intercourse so long looked for.

Pekin itself has nothing but its gigantic walls to protect it; and our own experience at the An-ting Gate in 1860 showed that there is no inherent strength in these ancient fortifications, which were only valuable in the Middle Ages. Thus, when Shan-hai-Kwan falls, all is lost.

The vacant canonry in Canterbury is in the gift of the Primate. A stall in Canterbury was formerly worth £1000 a year, with residence, but owing to the agricultural depression a canon now gets £390 a year, while the stipend of the Dean has fallen from £2000 a year to £780.

The Empress Eugénie attended a requiem service in the imperial mausoleum at Farnborough, when high mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Napoleon III. It was the twenty-second anniversary of his death. The Empress departed for Cap Martin on Jan. 16.



## THE PUZZLE OF THE CUCKOO.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Will Mr. Grant Allen or somebody else justify the ways of the cuckoo to men? Nobody can possibly be less scientific than myself, and the strange case of the cuckoo presents difficulties to the dweller in the Court of the Gentiles of Darwinism. The peculiarities of this bird's instincts in the British Isles and Europe generally, combined with the scientific treatment of the same, are enough to perplex any neophyte. Let us study the cuckoo, starting from the description of him in Mr. Romanes' "Animal Intelligence," published in 1882. Everybody knows that the cuckoo has a habit of laying an egg in the nest of one little bird, and, apparently, other eggs in the nests of other little birds. She is the Rousseau of fowls. She comes to England early in April, lays her eggs in May, and the infants, after kicking their fellow-nestlings of alien species out of the nest, and after being nourished by their foster-parents, begin to be able to take care of themselves about the time when their fathers and mothers migrate—early in August, as a rule. The cuckoo in Europe very seldom, "hardly ever," rears its own young. The cuckoo of Australia is like it in that respect. The American cuckoo *does* rear its own young, but lays an egg in an alien nest about as often as the English cuckoo does the reverse—that is, hardly ever. The American cuckoo lays an egg proportionate to its size; the English and Australian cuckoos lay eggs much smaller—about four times smaller than one would look for. The European cuckoo is a migratory bird. Is the American cuckoo migratory? Is the Australian cuckoo migratory? One would expect Mr. Darwin, in "The Origin of Species," and Mr. Romanes, in "Animal Intelligence," and, perhaps, Professor Newton, in his article in *Nature* (Vol. I.) to tell us whether the American, African, and Australian cuckoos are migratory, like our own bird. The evolutionary explanation of the cuckoo's instincts mainly, or wholly, turns upon that point, but none of these learned authorities tells us whether the American, Australian, and African birds do migrate or don't! No doubt all three authors had the facts at their fingers' ends, but they keep the facts to themselves. Yet the whole puzzle hinges on this question, Do all foreign as well as British cuckoos migrate? And Mr. Romanes, Mr. Darwin, Professor Newton (his contribution is but a short article) leave us in the dark on this essential fact.

The ways of science are wonderful. A mere historical or literary writer would not have left the central point out of his argument, however well acquainted he himself might be with the subject.

The migratory or non-migratory habits of American and Australian and African cuckoos are important for this reason: The peculiarly odious instincts of the European cuckoo were provisionally accounted for in an essay of the great Jenner, a hundred years ago, by the brief residence of the bird in this country: "The old cuckoos take their final leave of this country the first week in July" (often much later), "so that the young would be unfit to take care of themselves at the moment when instinct drives the parents abroad." As the European, like the American nesting cuckoo, lays at intervals of some days, the parents would have eggs and young in the nest at the same time. Thus it is highly convenient for the cuckoo to lay in alien nests, just as it was highly convenient for Rousseau to leave his children at the Hospital for Foundlings. It would be highly convenient for swallows, which occasionally migrate and leave their immature young to die, if they had adopted the habits of the cuckoo. But they don't. Why not? Again, it is highly convenient for the European cuckoo, as Jenner remarks, to lay a tiny egg, only a quarter of the normal size for a bird of its proportions. The egg thus escapes detection in small birds' nests, and the young cuckoo is brought up among nestlings of the sparrow, reed-warbler, and so on, which he can easily hoist out of the home. Once more, the cuckoo lays eggs of very various colours. Mr. Darwin cites Mr. Ramsay for the fact that two sorts of Australian cuckoos "when they lay their eggs in an open nest, manifest a decided preference for nests containing eggs similar in colour to their own. The European species apparently manifests some tendency towards a similar instinct, but not rarely departs from

it. . . ." On this point Professor Newton (*Nature* I. 74) discusses the theory (more than a hundred years old) that "the egg of the cuckoo is approximately coloured and marked like those of the bird in whose nest it is deposited, that it may be the less easily recognised by the foster-parents as a substituted one." The advantage of the cuckoo in laying divers coloured eggs in the nests of various little birds is obvious. The artful cuckoo thereby prevents any one species of bird from getting practice enough to set up an hereditary instinct of recognising and expelling the intruded egg. This piece of Darwinism is "my own invention." The facts here have been disputed by writers in *Nature*, but for my purpose it does not much matter whether they are true or not. For me, the important thing is that, if the facts be true, Mr. Darwin and Professor Newton think that they can explain them on the principles of evolution.

There are three main points that need explanation—



See "Our Illustrations."

(1) Why is the European cuckoo void (except in very rare cases) of the maternal instinct? (2) Why does it lay disproportionately small eggs? (3) Why does it lay eggs in such an unusual variety of colours? Mr. Darwin explains by natural selection, following on the cuckoo's migratory habit and brief residence. The American cuckoo, save in rare instances, of which only one is cited, lays in a nest of its own, brings up its own young, and lays an egg of the normal size. Mr. Darwin, then, supposes that the ancient progenitors of our cuckoos "had the habits of the American cuckoo, and occasionally" (like various other birds) "laid an egg in another bird's nest." Now, the great alteration in the habits of our cuckoo arose from the advantage which a *migratory* bird obtained by turning an occasional freak (that of laying in alien nests) into a regular, almost unbroken custom. But is the moral and maternal American cuckoo migratory? Mr. Darwin does not tell us; Mr. Romanes is silent; neither informs us whether the immoral unmaternal Australian cuckoo is migratory or not. Yet this is exactly what it is necessary

to know, for if the American is migratory, why did it neglect the advantages secured by our cuckoo? And if the Australian is non-migratory, of what advantage to it are its immoral and unmaternal habits? Of course, one can hunt for the facts, but ten words would have saved us the trouble.

Mr. Darwin points out (as Jenner had already done) the advantage to a bird which migrates after brief residence of putting its bairns out to nurse, and the advantage to the bairns themselves. These advantages would occur where the old bird (like the American cuckoo) *occasionally* laid an egg in an alien nest—that is, if it did not lay other eggs in its own nest also, when the advantage would be infinitesimal or nil. Does the American cuckoo, when it casually lays an egg in an alien nest, build no nest of its own for its other eggs? Nothing is said on this point. In fact, Mr. Darwin has only one American case of a young cuckoo in the same nest as a young blue jay. Well, suppose an ancestral European cuckoo did occasionally lay an egg in a foreign nest. Nothing particular follows, in America, as far as we are told; but in Europe, "analogy would lead us to believe that the young thus reared" (in a strange nest) "would be apt to follow the occasional and aberrant habit of the mother, and in their turn would be apt to lay their eggs in other birds' nests, and thus would be more successful in rearing their young. By a continued process of this nature, I believe that the strange instinct of our cuckoo has been generated."

*Très bien*, but why do not American cuckoos, and the young of other birds which casually lay in alien birds' nests, inherit a freak and convert it into a habit? The trick, or freak, if inheritable, would be inheritable whether it were advantageous or not. Again, how could it be advantageous? *Ex hypothesi*, the ancestral cuckoo laid an egg proportionate to its size. It would, therefore, lay by choice in the nest of a bird as big as itself. The young cuckoo would have to struggle for existence with birds as big as himself. Then he could not bowl out of the nest. At present we do not know *how* a cuckoo gets its egg into the nest of a reed-warbler. It cannot sit on or lay in that nest. The ancestral cuckoo either laid (occasionally) in nests of birds as big as himself (when the young bird got no advantage) or he laid, in little birds' nests, an egg big enough to excite their suspicion and make them turn it out or desert it. No advantage here! Mr. Darwin explains the smallness of the cuckoo's eggs by the advantage enjoyed by small eggs. Then we must start from a hypothetical accidental small egg accidentally laid in a small bird's nest; or perhaps imagine a very protracted and gradual dwindling of eggs without sufficient advantage. The child of the small egg (on the former theory) must (by heredity) also lay a small egg, and must also (by heredity) get the habit of *exooty*, of laying in an alien nest. And the strong maternal instinct must be utterly lost in the process. Till these events occur, there is no ensuing advantage to cuckoos, nothing for natural selection to build an instinct upon. But various birds, casually and occasionally, lay in alien nests. Do the young so laid inherit the custom of laying out? Do they lose the maternal instinct? We are not told that they do, and the case of the American cuckoo "has been both asserted and denied," says Mr. Darwin. Thus his explanation is, like *Peau d'Ane*, *difficile à croire*.

When it comes to the vari-coloured eggs introduced by the cuckoo into the nests of birds which have eggs coloured to match, "and the same with intent to deceive," Mr. Darwin finds no difficulty in believing that this instinct (if it exists) might have been developed on the usual lines. Professor Newton advances a theory to account for the facts. Mr. Romanes, in "Animal Intelligence" (pp. 307-309) discusses the processes as stated by Professor Newton, and is unable to accept them, though he modifies his dissent in a note. "Therefore, if the facts are facts, I cannot see how they are to be explained." Nor can I. The solution is "a thing imagination boggles at," and as a poor outcast, destitute of scientific imagination, I "boggle at" the Darwinian explanation of the puzzle. Above all, I will maintain, if I go to the stake for it, that our learned authors should have told us whether the American and Australian cuckoos are or are not migratory.



THE CAMPAIGN IN WAZIRISTAN.



THE FIGHT AT WANO: THE WAZIRI RUSH ON THE CAMP.

FROM A SKETCH BY LEUTENANT TRACY ROBINSON, 3RD PUNJAB INFANTRY.

*The Waziris attacked the British camp just before dawn. They cut down the tents, slaughtering our men as they struggled underneath. They got into the transport lines, and hamstring and stalked away mules and officers' chargers, killing many of the transport drivers and native followers.*







## WILLIAM LAUD.

The commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Archbishop Laud, which took place on Jan. 10 on Tower Hill and in the adjoining church

shows this, nor is there any diminution in the strength of the "W. Cant." of later years. Contrast the writing of Laud with the neat and finished "Io. Cantuar." of Whitgift or the rough, half-printed "G. Cant." of Abbot, and the difference is most apparent. Whitgift was an organiser; Abbot could pack a court to burn "two blasphemous heretics," the Arians Leggat and Whightman. Both Abbot and Whitgift pressed hardly on heretics, yet they died in their beds in the odour of sanctity. Laud, the grander nature by far, died on Tower Hill.

Portraits of Laud, and there are many in the exhibition, do not bear out the commonly received impression that he was a man of unpleasant aspect. The contemporaneous bust, probably the work of Herbert le Sueur, and dated 1633, strikingly resembles the large oil portrait which faces it. Laud's stature was not great, as we learn from quite early references to him. The celebrated "grace" of Archie Armstrong points to the fact that jests at the expense of Laud's personal appearance found favour even at Court. "Great praise be given to God, and little Laud to the devil." Such was the quip of the jester. Later, he tried another, referring to the Scotch Liturgical revolt. Laud complained, and Armstrong had "his coat pulled over his head," being banished from Court. In 1641, when Laud's unpopularity was at its height, the jester avenged himself by the production of a scurrilous book entitled "Archy's Dreams, sometimes Jester to his Majestie, but exiled the Court by Canterburie's malice. With a relation for whom an odde chaire stood wide in Hell."

The fine old oak chair which I illustrate formerly belonged to St. John's College, Oxford, but, like the portions of a bookcase exhibited, has now passed into other hands. The appearance of this chair leads me to think that it was second-hand when it came into Laud's possession, and unless I am much mistaken, it was a piece of furniture before the birth

of its future owner. Brutal hands have hacked its two corners, and have substituted two knobs for the original ends.

With regard to the bookcase doors, the pierced metal castings are undoubtedly genuine; but I disbelieve in the oak. I also give a sketch of the shell of the famous tortoise, which had attained the age assuredly of one hundred and twenty years when it died, though it is perfectly possible that it was really much older. Why, however, was this shell spoilt by the brass plate screwed on to its upper surface? Among the many and various books of interest, one to be specially noted is the "Little Gidding Book," bound in purple velvet. The story of Nicholas Ferrar and the curious little religious community which flourished at Little Gidding from 1624 to 1647 cannot here be told; but did space permit, a brief narrative of the "Protestant nunnery" and its founders would not be without interest. From her Majesty the Queen comes a fine "very large paper" copy of the conference between Laud (then Bishop of St. David's) and Mr. Fisher, the Jesuit. This, on the flyleaf, bears the inscriptions, "Solus Deus p'tector Meus" and "Piscator ictus sapiat," in Laud's handwriting, together with his initial "W." How important to Laud in his after career was his conduct of this controversy, students of history will recall. Two manuscript books require special notice. One is the register of the parish which contains the entry of Laud's burial. Therein, after the word "beheaded," something has been erased, probably "traitor." It is curious to note that in the register of baptisms for this parish "Laud" occurs more than once as a Christian name subsequently to 1645. The vestry minute-book of the parish also is exhibited open at a page which contains a curious poem in honour of Laud, dated 1663.

In the chapel of the college he loved and so generously benefacted there lie the bones of William Laud, next to those of his friend and successor Juxon. A more fitting resting-place could not be imagined. Finally, two fragments of printed matter call for notice; they are the only known fragments of the suppressed edition of Archbishop Laud's Scottish Prayer Book. Thanks to the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh these treasures were unearthed from the binding of the Liturgy, of which the enforcement was actually attempted. Space, or rather the want of it, precludes me from entering in detail on the collection of prints which are exhibited; nor, indeed, can the entire store of books in the cases be even named. In my notice I have, however, endeavoured to include all of the important exhibits.

C. R. B. B.



WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

and school-room of Allhallows, Barking, was in many ways a notable event. A long-delayed posthumous honour to a great man, the scheme was conceived and carried out in a spirit of simplicity which greatly enhanced its value. Historically, the public in general ought to be grateful to the committee for the opportunity of inspecting the highly interesting exhibition of Laudian relics, pictures, engravings, and literature, which has been arranged in the school-room of Allhallows, Barking.

Of the exhibition, which I shall now describe in detail, it is possible to speak in terms of the highest commendation. The show, as a show, is a small one, but it is on that account none the worse. Great care appears to have been taken in the selection of the exhibits, and consequently the spurious is conspicuous for its absence. One omission, and a curious one, is that among all the engravings, etc., there is not a single representation of Croydon Palace—the "Croydon House" till the days of Whitgift, and the favourite country residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury from 1279 till the days of Herring. More than one event of importance in the life of Laud was connected with his country house, and references to Croydon are not infrequent in his diary. The repair of the east window of the chapel there was brought up against him at his trial, "his joiner," one Browne, being an unwilling witness as to the reparation of the painted glass therein. Here, while consecrating Bishop Montague for Chichester, as he tells us in his diary, news reached him of the murder of Buckingham by Felton. This event is one of importance, for "my Lord's Grace," Archbishop Abbot, was present. When Juxon, after the Restoration, repaired the Palace Chapel, he placed on the stall-heads his own arms and those of Laud. It was on a pane of glass in the Long Gallery at Croydon that Laud scratched with a diamond a memorandum of the destruction of certain Surrey churches—

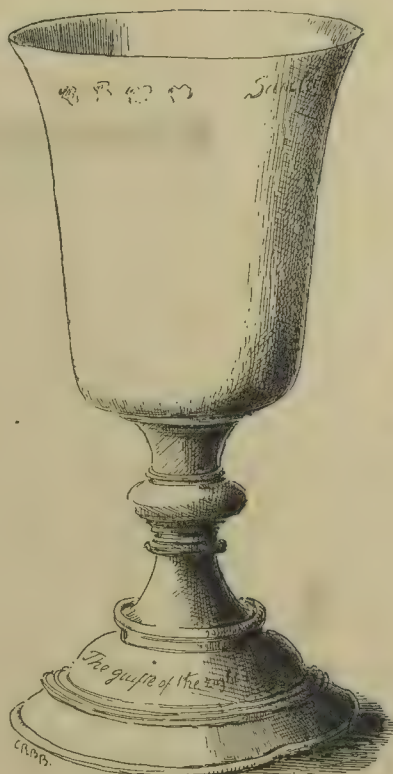
Memorand.—Ecclesiae de Micham, Cheme, et Stone, cum aliis, fulgure combustae sunt.

Jan. 14, 1633. Omen avertat Deus.

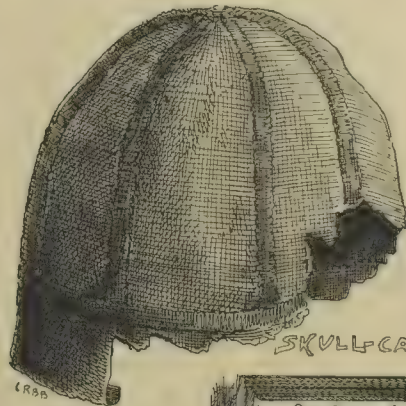
This pane is, or was quite recently, at Lambeth, whither it was removed for preservation.

First in order in the catalogue is the chalice given by Laud, when Bishop of London, to the Church of Holy Trinity, Knightsbridge. This most interesting chalice is silver-gilt, and bears two inscriptions. Round the bowl, "Sanctae et Individuae Trinitate," and on the base "The gift of the right Honbl. and right reverent Willm. Lord Bishop of London."

Bishop Andrewes' manuscript "Devotions in Greek," the property of the Rev. R. G. Livingstone—the gift of the good old prelate to his friend Laud—is one of the most interesting exhibits. Andrewes was a native of Allhallows, Barking, where his father was a merchant, and subsequently a Master of the Trinity House, then at Deptford. It is, therefore, most appropriate that this little book should have its place at the exhibition. Few will fail to pause before the relic-hacked red velvet skull-cap worn by the Archbishop on the fatal morning of Jan. 10, 1645. This, unlike many of the so-called relics to which we have been treated in various exhibitions, is genuine, and the same may be said of the long and slender ivory-topped stick with which the old Archbishop was wont to support his very tottering steps. His diary, the original of which is on view, is the book which was taken by force from the Archbishop's pocket by Prynne in the Tower, and used against him in his mockery of a trial. The handwriting of Laud is plain and bold, a fearless hand such as one would expect from the fearless man he was. His signature, "William Laud," written before preferment came to him,



THE CHALICE.



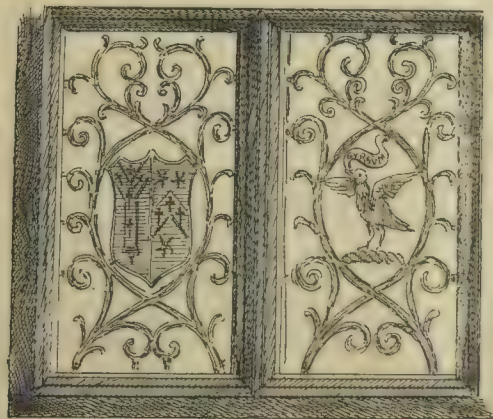
SKULL-CAP.

William Laud

W Cant.

W. Cant

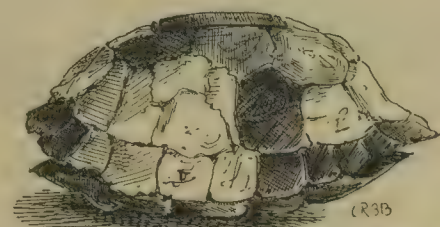
AUTOGRAPHS



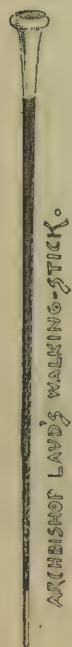
BOOKCASE DOORS.



CADDLE CUP.



SHELL OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S TORTOISE.



ARCHBISHOP LAUD'S WALKING-STICK.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S CHAIR.

RELICS OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.





Give me a look, give me a face—  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Riches loosely flowing, hair as free.—BEN JONSON.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.



Amberley  
from the ferry



Amberley  
Castle



The Castle  
Walls



Amberley  
Village





## MISS ROSSETTI AND HER CIRCLE.

BY WILFRID MEYNELL.

There were four Rossetti brothers and sisters, divided equally as to sex. The eldest, Maria Francesca, was as true a Florentine in taste and temperament as became her brother Dante's sister; and she made her own serious contributions to Dantesque literature. Then, next of the four, and born in 1828, came Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, who, soon after he was twenty-one, dropped one of his Christian names and transposed the others. The younger brother and sister were William Michael, who, happily, lives to tell the tale, and Christina Georgina (she did not care for the "Georgina," which was represented in her titlepages by only a "G."), who was born within the roar of Oxford Street on Dec. 5, 1830, and was therefore just sixty-four years of age at the time of her death. Another sister, indeed, there was—but in literature, and not in life. This was the imaginary "Margaret," of Dante Rossetti's poem "My Sister's Sleep." She never lived; and yet extraordinarily literal and solemn is the record of her death, even to the moving of the chair in the room overhead, and "our mother's" fear lest the dying girl should be disturbed.

The father of these four Rossettis—Gabriele Rossetti—was rather an oddity. Leaving his country for his country's good or harm, the conspirator at Naples became a teacher of Italian in King's College, London. Gabriele Rossetti was a politician first and a Dante commentator afterwards. But he did the commentaries with much industry, and wasted ingenuity. The Shakspeare cryptogram of Ignatius Donnelly looks plausible beside the Dante interpretation of the father of the Rossettis. According to him, all the poets have a plain and a hidden meaning, and the literal significance of their work is of small importance compared with the allegorical, which hardly anybody ever discovers. To attack the Court of Rome, Rossetti the elder thought, was the special object of all great writers of the Middle Ages; and Dante, of all others, knew how to conceal under innocent double phrases his seditious meaning, and concealed it so well that even this commentator was doubtful whether he had really found it out. "He trusted that his poem would cause him to be held in such esteem as to induce the Papal Party to recall him to his native city; and yet that Poem is a great treachery to that Party, a very fine play of Catholic jargon." In fact, the author of "Mistère Platonico" finds Masonic mysteries lurking behind every comma and capital of the poet—a dread of the Inquisition drawn out in every dash. The great Coleridge, who read Rossetti, thought he pushed his theory "beyond all bounds of common-sense"; and the public will always prefer to see in Beatrice a woman rather than a secret society or a sect. It was this harum-scarum author and politician who was the father of the devoted lover of Beatrice the Woman. The fantasy of the parent, carried to the very verge of folly, in the son turned to a magical emotion that made him a mediæval son of Italy—the Italy which he had never seen. He literally lived with Beatrice and Dante in their own surroundings—in Charlotte Street, Portland Place!

The future father of the four Rossettis made the acquaintance in London of Frances Mary Lavinia Polidori, Tuscan on her father's side, but English on her mother's. Her father had been Alfieri's secretary, and her brother the companion of Byron. Of their mother, her children have left many and imperishable memorials. Dante Rossetti constantly sent her his poems in manuscript. Indeed, her more perfect knowledge of Italian than his was of practical use to him in some of his translations of the "Vita Nuova"—nearly the only translations which take rank among creations. She sat to him often; especially good portraits of her, at different times of her life, are to be recognised in the "St. Anna" she sat for in 1848, and in the life-sized portrait-group of her and of Christina, head and shoulders, which he made in chalks near Herne Bay in 1877, whither his mother and sister had gone to nurse him during a complicated illness—just as they were to be together with him at that last illness at Birchington-on-Sea. For his mother, on her eightieth birthday, in 1880, he made the first fair copy of his sonnet on "The Sonnet," now printed at the beginning of "The House of Life"; having first of all consulted Christina as to one or two alternative readings. To her, too, he dedicated, in 1873, his re-issue of "Dante and his Circle," originally dedicated to his wife.

Between mother and daughter, however, the tie was of habitual closeness. They were together always, bound to each by their common partings with others—by companionship at three death-beds of their dearest; and bound by that devotion into which Christina Rossetti threw her strong and fervid sense of duty. As long as her mother lived, she lived for her mother—a nun in the world. The dedication of "Speaking Likenesses" is "To my dearest Mother, in grateful remembrance of the stories with which she used to entertain her children." That was for stories in 1874. Eleven years later, in one of the volumes she devoted to piety, the dedication-page bore no altered allegiance: "To my Beloved Example, Friend, Mother." So the inscription ran, and with it was the text: "Her children arise up and call her blessed." That for the prose. The first "Verses," privately printed at her grandfather Polidori's press in 1847, were dedicated to her mother; and all between then and 1890, when the collected edition of her "Poems" appeared with the words: "To my Mother, in all reverence and love, I inscribe this book." But prose would not suffice; and the first page of second series of "Poems" is filled as follows—

Sonnets are full of love, and this my tome  
Has many sonnets: so here now shall be  
One sonnet more, a love-sonnet from me  
To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home—  
To my first Love, my Mother, on whose knee  
I learnt love-lore that is not troublesome;  
Whose service is my special dignity,  
And she my loadstar while I go and come.  
And so, because you love me and because  
I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath  
Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honoured name:  
In you not four score years can dim the flame  
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws  
Of time and change and mortal life and death.

When Christina Rossetti varied the dedication of her books, or of her life, it was only to show herself as the sister instead of as the daughter. "In Hope of our Re-union, to the dear and gracious memory of my Sister," she dedicates her "Called to the Saints."

Christina Rossetti had two aunts. One of these, Miss Charlotte Polidori, was for some years governess in the family of the Marchioness of Bath, who in 1853 bought Dante Rossetti's first picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin." With the name of his other aunt also, Miss Margaret Polidori, the art of Rossetti is associated, for in her memory he made, in 1869, a cartoon—"The Sermon on the Plain"—for a stained-glass window set up in her memory in Christ Church, Albany Street, N.W., which for a quarter of a century she had sedulously attended.

Dante Rossetti, as may be supposed, took a constant interest in the career of his sister. In 1862 he did two illustrations, and designed a cover, for "The Goblin Market." Again, three years later, he made two drawings for "The Prince's Progress." He thought "To-Day for Me" the greatest of all her poems—a verdict which some will attribute to idiosyncrasy. Next to that he placed "The Convent Threshold," which he well spoke of as "a very splendid piece of feminine ascetic passion." This is a judgment by which most of her lovers will abide; though this piece has a close rival in "Advent," which Swinburne, a great admirer of hers, prefers. "Dead before Death" Rossetti thought a little "sensational" for his sister. Rossetti, speaking of "Renouncement" by a still living poetess, calls it "one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women." One of the other two he so distinguished was the "After Death" of his sister. Probably the third was the "How do I love thee?" of Mrs. Barrett Browning.

## OBITUARY.

The Rev. Hugo Daniel Harper, D.D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, since 1877, died on Jan. 8, aged seventy-three. He was a Bluecoat boy, afterwards proceeding to Jesus College, of which he became a Fellow. Subsequently, he was Head Master of Cowbridge Grammar School; next, of Sherborne School, from 1851 to 1877. Under a rather brusque manner he was essentially a genuine, sincere man, who never lost the feeling that above all things he was a pedagogue.

Sir James Lacaita, K.C.M.G., who accompanied Mr. Gladstone on the Ionian Mission as secretary, and had for many years been resident in Naples, died on Jan. 5. His son was formerly M.P. for Dundee.

Lady Paget, wife of the famous surgeon Sir James Paget, died on Jan. 7, aged seventy-nine. Last year the golden wedding of Sir James and Lady Paget was celebrated.

The Hon. Wentworth Cavenagh-Mainwaring, a name familiar to most South Australians, died on Jan. 5, aged seventy-two. For nineteen years he was a member of the Legislature of that colony.

Mr. Thomas Andrews, an influential and popular pisciculturist, died on Jan. 8 at Guildford, aged fifty-six. Besides being a great rearer of trout, he was an accomplished organist.

The Venerable Archdeacon Blakeney, D.D., Vicar of Sheffield and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, died on Jan. 12. He was seventy years of age, and his ecclesiastical career had been distinguished by great ability and energy. He became Incumbent of St. Paul's, Sheffield, in 1860; was appointed Prebendary of Huthwaite, in York Cathedral, in 1875; and had held the Vicarage of Sheffield since 1877. As Rural Dean, the Archdeacon laboured earnestly in connection with the visit of the Church Congress to Sheffield.

The Hon. George O'Brien Wyndham, eldest son of Lord Leconfield, died from typhoid fever on Jan. 13. He was twenty-six years old, and was a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

General Sir John Summerfield Hawkins, K.C.M.G., who acted as Commissioner in the demarcation of the boundary between British Columbia and the United States 1858-63, died on Jan. 10, aged seventy-eight.

Professor Gustav Graef, a famous German painter, died on Jan. 6, aged seventy-three.

Lady Carter, wife of the Governor of Lagos, died on Jan. 13. Lady Carter had only arrived in the colony last December.

Mrs. Muller, whose husband, George Muller, founded the orphan home at Ashley Down, Bristol, died on Jan. 13, aged seventy-three.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Five (from July 7 to December 29, 1894) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Those who think for themselves cannot but have been struck for the last ten days by the comparatively languid interest the trial of Madame Joniaux at Antwerp has aroused among the general public, and that notwithstanding the praiseworthy attempts of Reuter's Agency to keep us informed of every particular. By the time this appears in print Madame Joniaux may have been found to be as innocent of the crimes laid to her charge as I believe Madame Lafarge to have been, or as guilty as was that Marie Van der Linden, *née* Swaneburg, who, a little less than ten years ago, was tried at the Hague for having killed between five and six scores of people with rat-poison. One fact, however, stands out prominently from all the rest—the infamous glory of an assassin depends largely on the spot in which he or she operates. If a trial such as that which has occupied the attention of the Brabant Court had taken place in Paris, the Reuter special would have been only one of fifty dispatched to the French capital. As it is, he is probably only one of a half-dozen, Belgian journalists excluded.

Yet that trial, irrespective of the innocence or guilt of the accused, is interesting, or ought to be, and to none more so than to the English, for many reasons. To begin with, it has revealed once more a system of criminal procedure which those who profess themselves so eager for the reform of our criminal laws would do well to ponder. I need scarcely remind the reader that Belgian criminal procedure is almost identical with that of the French, and, for that matter, with that in force over the whole European Continent. It is supposed to have an advantage over the English system in virtue of its giving the prisoner the right of personally defending him or her self, of cross-examining witnesses without the intermediary of counsel. My non-legal mind fails to see the advantage of this—the advocates of reform in England would probably say, because mine is a non-legal mind.

Nevertheless, I venture to doubt whether this lack of legal training is the cause of my obtuseness. I have invariably found that the counsel for the defence in England is allowed greater latitude in the cross-examination of witnesses for the prosecution than the prisoner on the Continent. Some people go as far as to say that the English counsel is allowed too much latitude. The presiding judge will rarely interfere with the tactics of prisoner's counsel in that respect; the president of the Continental court is almost certain to interfere between the prisoner and the witness for the prosecution whom the prisoner is examining when he, the President, finds or expects that one of his own statements or questions is going to be closely dissected.

It is because the English judge is an umpire or a referee, the Continental one a player in the game itself. For it is he who examines the prisoner, and regard being had to the natural vanity of all human beings, to the innate desire of remaining the victor in no matter what contest we undertake, the Continental judge does not care to be balked of his victory. If the prisoner be a poor creature, mentally incapable of wrestling with his interrogator, and his intellectual poverty still further reduced by several weeks of constant browbeating, harassing, and "guerrilla questioning" of the *juge d'instruction*, the president thinks the victory scarcely worth having, and fails to elicit points which might breed a doubt in the jury's mind as to the prisoner's innocence.

If, on the other hand, the prisoner shows a disposition to fight for his liberty or life, the president's vanity is put on its mettle, and he exerts himself to the utmost in the verbal duel. I have seen this done to such an extent that the prisoner, after standing the president's onslaught for a while, put on a dogged expression and refused to answer altogether. "Have you nothing to say?" asked the president for the third time. "Yes, I have," answered the prisoner at last. "I have this to say, that assuredly I have the right to be innocent." A deep silence fell upon the court; the jury themselves seemed to be cowed by the answer; and the accused—one of the greatest scoundrels unhung—left the dock a free man.

"Fighting presidents" are almost invariably the rule on the Continent, especially in the more important provincial and metropolitan courts; but it must not be supposed that a semi-Solon, semi-gladiator is an edifying spectacle. It lowers the tone of Justice. Justice that is blind is worthy of respect as well as pity, for no one would willingly want in respect to a blind man. Justice that glares instead of calmly surveying provokes contempt. There are other judges who are one part Solon and two parts Grimaldi; there are phenomenal simpletons now and then. For it must be remembered that Continental judges do not serve their apprenticeship as barristers, as is the case with us. The majority of judges in the French courts—with which I am more particularly acquainted—have never held a brief in their lives; only the procurators-general are recruited, though not always, from the eminent members of the Bar. Judges in France and Belgium are designated as *la magistrature assise*, procurators as *la magistrature debout*. One anecdote will be sufficient to show the difference with which they are regarded by the legal profession itself as far as their intellectual capacities are concerned. "What are you going to make of your son?" asked a friend of an eminent judge. "I am going to put him in *la magistrature debout*, if he can keep on his legs; if not, he must go into *la magistrature assise*." I do not suppose that the English Bench is exclusively composed of eagles, but if a few geese slip in now and then, they have at any rate the privilege of remaining silent beyond asking a question now and then; they are not forced to cackle and can therefore hide their inferior genius. What the public ear does not hear the public mind does not grieve for.



## LITERATURE.

## MORE REMINISCENCES BY A. K. H. B.

*St. Andrews and Elsewhere.* By the author of "The Recollections of a Country Parson," etc. (Longmans.)—The diligent student of Dr. Boyd's former works will find in the new volume little that is unfamiliar. This is hardly matter for surprise, seeing that the whole of its contents might appropriately have been ranged under the heading of the first division: "Men and Matters Ecclesiastical." One finds, however, something fresh even here—a frank admission which defines Dr. Boyd's attitude towards the Church of which he is a conspicuous ornament. Disparagement, covert and overt, of that Church and of the great body of its ministers, both positive and comparatively with the sister Church of England and its clergy, has been the dominant note throughout A. K. H. B.'s performances on the drum ecclesiastic: at last we are allowed to learn the why and the wherefore. "None of us [Tulloch, Milligan, and myself] ever pretended to be Presbyterian, save as accepting, conscientiously, the Church government which the Scottish nation, or a large part of it, chose to have. We were National Churchmen, and could with entire good faith have been so though the National Church had been Episcopal." He flatters himself that this attitude towards Presbyterianism is similar to Liddon's towards Episcopacy, but only succeeds by missing the essential difference, which was that Liddon looked on all non-Episcopal forms as "vitally wrong" and all other "orders" as of no account.

But comment of this kind is to take A. K. H. B. far more seriously than he is disposed to take himself. He is a shrewd observer of trivialities and a pawky humorist; kindly disposed in the main to all sorts and conditions of men, except the great majority of his brother-clergy, who do believe in the Presbyterianism by the profession of which they get their livings and their living, who do not sympathise with his liturgical fads, who laugh at (and, to be just, also with) his pretensions to be real "Bishop of St. Andrews," and at a good many other foibles which the Southron accepts as inseparable from the egotism of a writer who interests merely as an "agreeable rattle."

No one can deny A. K. H. B.'s claims to be that, for he has a fund of good stories, and tells them exceptionally well. Every Scotchman will recognise the veracity of that sentence from the prayer at a marriage service—"We thank Thee that Thou hast given us wumman to make us koamfortable"; and of the tale of a minister who was believed by a constant hearer to except the Heir-Apparent from his public supplications, because, every Sunday, he repeated (in what A. K. H. B. neatly describes as his "floating liturgy") "We pray for the royal family, all but [Albert] Edward, Prince of Wales." What is perhaps the best story in the book is told on the unimpeachable authority of Stanley's friend, Hugh Pearson, who was present at the Dean's private interview with Pius IX. The Pontiff's "astounding ignorance" of English matters extended to a belief that "Vealberfoss" was a Professor and not Bishop of Oxford, but not to any misconception of Dr. Pusey's position. "Ah!" exclaimed his Holiness, "the Professor Pousé is like une cloche, a church bell: he induces others to enter the church but stays outside himself." Mr. Barrie has interested us all so deeply in the "Auld Lichts" that an account from the lips of the great Dr. Chalmers, retailed by A. K. H. B. at only second-hand, is welcome: "The Elders were a grim set. They kept their bonnets on their heads till the minister entered; and they had each a large stick in his hand which they used for chappin' their noses all through the service. The minister wore no gown or bands. He gave a very long sermon, full of sound divinity, but without the smallest practical application, and without a vestige of feeling. . . . If these people ever get to Heaven, they will live on the North side of it."

A chapter is devoted to the "Life" of Archbishop Tait, and another to that of Dean Stanley, while a third is largely occupied by recollections of Mr. Froude. Of the Archbishop Dr. Boyd has nothing of his own to say but good: the inevitable tar-brush is deftly put into other hands. "I never liked Tait. I never could like him," is reported of a "saintly" common acquaintance, and so on. Stanley escapes best, but his biographers fail to please A. K. H. B. They do not say enough about Stanley in Scotland; their portrait lacks vivacity. To A. K. H. B. the Dean presents himself persistently as he appeared in St. Andrews parish church pulpit, or warming himself at the parish minister's study-fire—backgrounds appropriate enough, no doubt, for snap-shots, but hardly adequate for the biographers' full-length portrait. Still, it is a relief to come upon a chapter in which the principal figure escapes "backhanders": this, too, is the happy fate of Mr. Froude. Yet the tastes of the two friends were unlike. "When a friend is made a Bishop," said Froude, "one loses a friend." With A. K. H. B. it is just the other way: "I know," wrote Froude, "you are quite happy staying with your Bishop, and having him for a great friend. I could not stand it. The position of a Bishop is so extraordinary. It is something midway between an angel and a spirit-rapper"—a remark which seems to be somewhat lacking both in point and urbanity, though it is reported in all good faith by a devoted admirer. J. D. C.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICA.

If English booklovers have had to wait until the present year for a really creditable periodical, they will readily admit that *Bibliographica* is a journal worth the waiting for. It has long been a standing disgrace to us that we should always lag so very far behind Continental enterprise in this respect, but here is a publication which is in every respect infinitely superior to anything of the kind attempted either at home or abroad. This may seem excessive praise, but a very casual comparison will prove its truth. The third part of "*Bibliographica*" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) has now appeared, and it improves with age. These three issues, of course, contain much technical information which is Greek to the man in the street, for the typical bibliographer is the deadly enemy of anything approaching to sentiment or fine writing in his discourses. The more

popular articles are Mr. Charles I. Elton's entertaining paper on "Christina of Sweden and her Books," M. Octave Uzanne's characteristic one (in French) on "La Bibliothèque Moderne," the two essays on Samuel Pepys and Henry Fielding as bookmen—the former by Mr. Wheatley and the latter by Mr. Austin Dobson—and Mr. W. D. Macray's paper on "Early Dedications to Englishmen by Foreign Authors and Editors." The most important article in the three parts is Dr. E. Maunde Thompson's on "English Illuminated Manuscripts," which is fully illustrated by a number of very beautifully executed facsimiles. The period to which the Principal Librarian of the British Museum confines his attention is from 700 to 1066. The artistic richness of that very remarkable period has never been so clearly and even strikingly set forth as in the second part of "*Bibliographica*." Mr. R. C. Christie's dissertation on "The Chronology of the Early Aldines" contains a number of novel theories; and Dr. Garnett's article on "Paraguayan and Argentine Bibliography" is popular in form and substantial in substance. "*Bibliographica*" is to die with its twelfth quarterly issue, according to the original prospectus, but it might with safety be given a twelve years' lease if its present high standard were maintained throughout. W. R.

## MR. GOSSE'S POEMS.

*In Russet and Silver.* By Edmund Gosse. (London: William Heinemann.)—Mr. Gosse's very charming title only applies to one of the half-dozen divisions of his new book, although he rather expects the reader to note the sweet or grave minor chords that are struck throughout—

Life, that, when youth was hot and bold,  
Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,  
Now walks, by graver hopes possessed,  
In russet and in silver dressed.

This genial acceptance of the mellower mood that experience brings engages the reader's sympathy at once. Mr. Gosse insists on his veteran'ship. In a physiological poem he varies it thus—

Thank God, that, while the nerves decay  
And muscles desiccate away,  
The brain's the hardest part of men,  
And thrives till threescore years and ten;  
That, tho' the crescent flesh be wound  
In soft, unseemly folds around,  
The heart may, all the days we live,  
Grow more alert and sensitive.  
Then thews and prickly nerves, adieu!  
Thanks for the years I spent with you;  
Gently and cheerfully we part;  
Now I must live for brain and heart.

In "Nunc Dimittis," in "Impression," in "Secreta Vitæ," the threnody of youth mingles with the courageous though wistful welcome to age, until one wonders a little if this is not overdone. But no. The last thought is: although Mr. Gosse is not yet a veteran, like a wise man and poet he steps out to meet age half-way—

Venienti occurrere morbo!  
With which moral he takes his thecorbo,

and sings as sweetly and clearly as he did in his earlier time; for it is "brain and heart" that make the best music in youth as in age. That famous reply, "With brains, Sir!" seems to me only the third of the perfect answer: a "new man" might have said, "With brains, Sir; and with blood, and with tears."

With the new despair and sadness of the world Mr. Gosse has deep sympathy, which in the powerful poem, "Neurasthesia," appears in the inverted form of poignant criticism. I wish to quote the whole of this poem, for it is very remarkable—

Curs'd from the cradle and awry they come,  
Masking their torment from a world at ease;  
On eyes of dark entreaty, vague and dumb,  
They bear the stigma of their souls' disease.

Bewildered by the shadowy ban of birth,  
They learn that they are not as others are,  
Till some go mad, and some sink prone to earth,  
And some push stumbling on without a star;  
And some of sterner mould set hard their hearts,  
And act the dreadful comedy of life,  
And wearily grow perfect in their parts—  
But all are wretched and their years are strife.

The common cheer that animates mankind,  
The tender, general comfort of the race,  
To them is colour chattered to the blind,  
A book held up against a sightless face.

Like sailors drifting under cliffs of steel,  
Whose fluttering magnets leap with flying poles,  
They doubt the truth of every law they feel,  
And Death yawns for them if they trust their souls.

The loneliest creatures in the wash of air,  
They search the world for solace, but in vain;  
No priest rewards their confidence with prayer,  
And no physician remedies their pain.

Ah! let us spare our wrath for these, forlorn,  
Nor chase a bubble on the intolerant wave;  
Let pity quell the gathering storm of scorn,  
And God, who made them so, may soothe and save.

This strong poem is alone sufficient to prove that Mr. Gosse is still young in heart and brain. It would be hard to find two other men belonging to the same generation as he, and of equal standing, capable of anything better than a sneer at the new and certainly most questionable pathological phase of literature and art. Youth is not the right word, then, after all; for it is just because men cling to the thoughts and feelings of their early years that the new generations pass them by. There is no human creature more afflictive than the "wise youth," unless it be the "old boy." To neither category does Mr. Gosse belong: his intelligence is not of the order that stagnates. It will be found, alas! that the waters of the fount of everlasting youth are petrified, and turn the bather into stone. Mr. Gosse prefers the tide of time to the fount of youth; he would keep abreast with the age. In this book he proves himself a skilled and powerful swimmer, from whom, for one thing, some of the younger ones may learn to proceed with less splash and flurry. J. D.

## A LONDON LETTER.

The New York *Bookbuyer* for January has two interesting articles on Henry Kingsley, one of them by Mr. Laurence Hutton, and the other by Mr. Maurice Kingsley, a son of Canon Kingsley. Mr. Hutton tells how he alone among writers and journalists attended Henry Kingsley's funeral at Cuckfield in Sussex, on May 21, 1876.

"I learned there from his friends and neighbours" (he writes)—"and all his neighbours were his friends—how much he was liked and how sincerely he was mourned. Rich and poor, gentle and humble, the lord of the manor, the rector of the parish, the village doctor, the tradesman and the labourer had nothing to say of him that was not good. He was a free-spirited, open-handed, open-hearted, genial fellow, they told me, who had won the affection of every one who came in contact with him, although he was better fitted for the wild colonial life of his early days than for the constrained, humdrum life of rural England."

Mr. Hutton's list of Henry Kingsley's works is far from accurate. He misspells many of the titles, and omits more than one of the novels.

Mr. Maurice Kingsley's reminiscences of his uncle are the more interesting in that Mrs. Charles Kingsley omitted all reference to her brother-in-law in the Canon's biography. To Mr. Maurice Kingsley, Henry's greater books are "all exceedingly strong and beautiful novels," and he adds the significant statement with which few of his father's more ardent admirers will agree. "The younger brother," he says, "was undoubtedly the novelist of the family; the elder more of the poet, historian, and prophet."

The Society of Archivists is issuing a beautiful reference catalogue of British and foreign autographs, of each of which only one hundred copies are printed. So far, they have published "Charlotte Brontë," "Robert Burns," and now we have "Charles Dickens" in a sumptuous display of facsimile letters to Henry Austin. The publication contains an interesting note upon the signatures of Dickens, of which there seem to have been three in frequent use. The first, which is made familiar to us by the cover of one edition of his novels, is, we are told, that generally used between 1850 and the author's death, in 1870—

*Charles Dickens*

Most of these letters, Mr. Wise, the editor, informs us, are written in blue ink; it was only in his earlier days that he cultivated black ink. This very characteristic initial, of which here is a facsimile, was employed generally in letters to relatives or close friends, while the two following examples, representing the earliest signature and Dickens's signature "Boz," are, we are told, very uncommon—

*C. Dickens*

*Boz*

Is it not rather an irony of circumstance that the *Saturday Review*, so long the organ of ultra-Toryism, should have just adopted Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the well-known Socialist writer, as its dramatic critic? "G. B. S." writes with effective sympathy of Mr. Henry James's new play of "Guy Domville." "The truth about Mr. James's play," he says, "is no worse than that it is out of fashion. Any dramatically disposed young gentleman who, cultivating sentiment on a little alcohol, and gaining an insight to the mysteries of the eternal feminine by a couple of squalid intrigues, meanwhile keeps well aloof from art and philosophy, and thus preserves his innocence of the higher life of the senses and of the intellect, can patch up a play to-morrow which will pass as real drama with the gentlemen who deny that distinction to the work of Mr. Henry James. No doubt, if the literary world were as completely dominated by the admirers of Mr. Rider Haggard as the dramatic world is by their first cousins, we should be told that Mr. James cannot write a novel. That is not criticism: it is a mere begging of the question."

I believe it is quite an open secret that the charming article entitled "The Wares of Autolycus," which appears in the *Pull Mall Gazette* every Friday, is written by Mrs. Meynell. Mrs. Meynell is not only known to us all as a very charming poet, but as an essayist she has a distinction of style which is rare among the writers of the day, and still rarer, I think one may fairly say, among the women writers. That is why one must utter one's protest when she deliberately falsifies her high mission by using phrases which must be condemned by every lover of good English. In speaking of Macaulay's criticism of Dr. Johnson's wife, she refers to the historian "chucking his responsibilities to the winds."

Who among recent writers has had the largest sale? Dickens, of course, is first, but Mrs. Henry Wood must be a very good second. One may learn something by a glance at the advertisement columns of this week's *Athenaeum*. I see "East Lynne" is stated to have sold 350,000, and "She" 100,000. It is strange to compare these figures with those of authors with a very big reputation, and, indeed, with the very biggest reputations, in select literary circles. By the way, Mrs. Henry Wood's Biography, by her son (Bentley), which is already in a third edition, is very interesting reading. From it I learn that "East Lynne" was first refused by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and afterwards by Messrs. Smith and Elder. C. K. S.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Several correspondents address me on a subject which is exciting much interest as I write—namely, the causation of typhoid fever by oysters. The newspapers have been reporting cases of this nature, and the medical journals have been commenting upon them, with the obvious result that everybody is asking "Can oysters cause typhoid?" and if so, how is the malady brought about? Curiously enough, in a recent issue of one of the leading medical journals of the United States—the *New York Medical Record*, to wit—I find a paper by Professor Conn, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown (Conn.), on an oyster-epidemic of typhoid fever at that seat of learning. So that at least we have certain data to go upon and to discuss in connection with outbreaks of that most detestable (and preventible) malady.

The London cases have occurred among the well-to-do classes, and illustrate in themselves an unexpected outbreak of the disease. Typhoid, as is well known, is no "respector of persons," but is equally at home in the slums of the poor and in the insanitary dwellings of the rich. The recent cases, as far as I can ascertain, have been attributed to the eating of oysters, through the logical process of exclusion. For instance, it has been noted that the epidemic has been specially severe among men engaged in business in the City, who are in the habit of freely partaking of the bivalves at lunch. One case is quoted in which a young man recovering from influenza took typhoid fever, the singular fact being that he alone of his family had eaten oysters. Again, one reads of two men enjoying an oyster supper together and developing typhoid on the same day. In yet another case, we read of two persons living in the country, in a district free from fever, partaking of a barrel of oysters sent them from London. They also developed typhoid fever on the same day, and they alone of all their household were attacked.

The American epidemic is instructive in its details. About Oct. 20, Professor Conn tells us, typhoid fever began to appear among the students of his University. By Nov. 1 they had twenty-three cases in full swing, and three cases developed after that date, the last patient being attacked on Nov. 9. Examination of the college well-water showed that while it was certainly not above suspicion in certain points, it could not have served as the source of common infection, for several of the affected students had not drunk of the water at all; and others of the town who had used the water were not attacked. Then the ladies (fifty in number) of the college were not affected at all. Now it so happens that at the college there are seven "fraternities," or students' associations. Most of the members board at the fraternity clubs. The disease was practically limited to three of the fraternities, only three cases occurring outside these three brotherhoods. Here the causation of the typhoid fever was localised in some degree as to individuals, and it was found, as a further aid to the discovery of the exact source of the epidemic, that the three societies "did not have the same grocer, nor the same butcher, nor the same butter-supply, nor did they obtain fruits from the same sources." Professor Conn also remarks that "whenever in regard to any article of food it was found that there was a point of likeness between the three fraternities, it was found at once that the other fraternities in college shared with them in having the same source of supply."

The detective aspirations of science in this case were therefore directed to the discovery of some special source of common infection. Note that the fever began about Oct. 20, with new cases following rapidly for about twelve days thereafter. This fact points to a period of actual infection occurring, say, fourteen days before that date; for the incubation period of typhoid varies from eight or ten days onwards to twenty-eight days, and the average period is about fourteen days. Now, on Oct. 12 all the fraternities held their annual "initiation," one of the features of which was a supper. The suppers fell under the ban of suspicion: first, because new cases diminished after Nov. 1, showing no continuation of the original infection; and secondly, because the subject of one of the three cases of fever occurring in men not belonging to any one of the three fraternities affected, had attended one of the suppers. Coming to the bill of fare, four articles were found to be common to the suppers of the three fraternities—celery, fruit, ham, and oysters. The celery, fruit, and ham came from dealers who had supplied not only other clubs, but many townspeople, and no typhoid cases had occurred in these instances. But all three fraternities had eaten the same oysters, raw; the bivalves came from the same dealer; while none of the other fraternities ate raw oysters. Two had none at all, a third ate cooked oysters, and the fourth had its oysters from a different source.

Again, it was found that one of the three students affected outside the three fraternities had eaten raw oysters at the store of the dealer, this fact explaining his infection independently of the supper. A most important fact was next elicited by finding that certain visitors, including five Yale College students and some alumni (or elder students), had been guests at the suspected suppers. Of these visitors, two Yale students developed the fever at the same time as the last of the Wesleyan cases were attacked, while it must be added that two other Yale cases appeared which had no ostensible connection with the oyster banquet. The oysters were grown in the deep water of Long Island Sound, but had been deposited in the mouth of a fresh-water creek for a day or more prior to being used. This "freshening" of oysters really means the absorption of fresh water, causing plumpness of the molluscs; and within 300 ft. of this "freshening" place was the outlet of a private sewer, coming from a house where two cases of typhoid fever had occurred on Oct. 11. No doubt the oysters had been contaminated by the typhoid sewage during the early run of these two cases; and we know experimentally that typhoid germs will live long in sea-water, as well as within the oyster. The moral of the story is that oyster-dealers should be specially particular and careful regarding the purity of the water they use in their shops, and still more concerning the sanitary safety of the places in which oysters are "laid down."

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

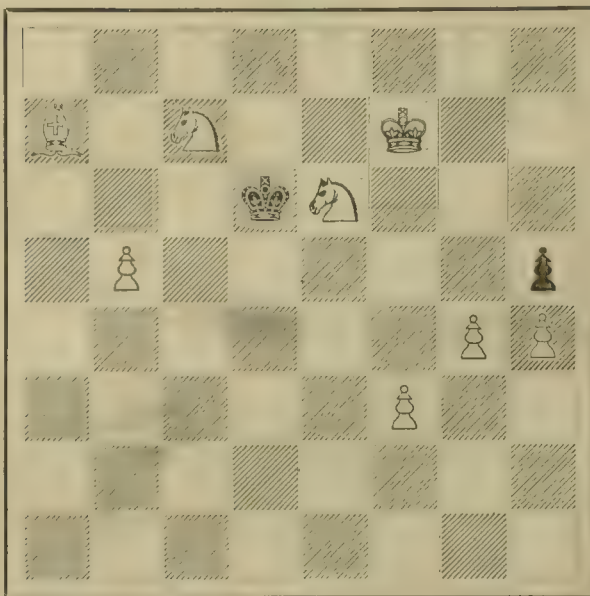
J F Wesley (Exeter).—Thanks for the tune, which we have handed over to the whole bench of Bishops.  
A D M.—There is no solution to No. 2343 your way; P to B 3rd is the defence.  
MAX J MEYER, REGINALD KELLY, AND H E KIDSON.—To hand, with thanks.  
O H P (Cheltenham).—We must have full name and address of all contributors—not, of course, for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.  
J STEPHENSON (Philadelphia).—Both cards received, and credit given below for solutions.  
J W S (Montreal).—Good wishes heartily reciprocated. Would be glad to receive score of games mentioned, or any others.  
C WAGNER (Vienna).—Solutions of holiday problems correct.  
J F MOON.—We scarcely think there are two Richmonds in the field, and there is little doubt the initial was incorrect.  
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2643 and 2644 received from A A Bowden (San Diego, California); of No. 2645 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and Joseph Stephenson (Philadelphia); of No. 2646 from C E Perugini; of No. 2647 from J Ross (Whitley), Emile Frau (Lyons), and Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2648 from J S Wesley (Exeter), J W Scott, Charles Wagner (Vienna), J F Moon, and Emile Frau (Lyons).  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2649 received from G T Hughes (Athy), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Z Ingold (Frampton), J Dixon, J C Ireland, E Loudon, C E Perugini, W R Rallem, Dr F St, H S Brandreth, C D (Camberwell), Seymour, R Worters (Canterbury), J Coad, T G (Ware), Miss Marie G Priestley (Bangor, county Down), F Leete (Sudbury), Oliver Jungla (King's Lynn), R Loy Wilcox, H N, J S Wesley, E E H, L Desanges, John Reynolds, Edward J Sharpe, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Rev F Bishop (Ealing), Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Max J Meyer, A Newman, J Bailey (Newark), Sorrento, Meursius (Brussels), Shadforth, E W Burnell (Edgbaston), J T Orage (Clapham), A C Richte (Llanfairfechan), G Douglas Angus, E B Foord (Cheltenham), F A Carter (Maldon), A E McClintock (Kingstown), A E Searle, A M Kelly (New College, Oxford), J Hall, W Beuglas (Ripon), Dawn, T Roberts, C M A B, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Leonard Matson (Bedford), J F Moon, T A (Hastings), W R B (Clifton), Rev J E Reid-Cuddon, R H Brooks, H Moss (Sleaford), Dr Henry (Birmingham), and J Ross (Whitley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2648.—By F. HEALEY.  
WHITE.  
1. Kt to R 3rd  
2. Kt to B 4th  
3. Mates  
BLACK.  
B takes Kt  
Any move  
If Black play 1. P takes Kt, then 2. Kt to B 4th (ch), and 3. Q mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2651.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Messrs. Bird and ROLLAND.

(King's Bishop's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	23. P takes P	Q takes P
2. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	24. K to R sq	R to B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	Kt to Q 4th would seemingly have won at once; 25. P to Kt 3rd, R takes P (ch); 26. K to Kt 2nd, B to R 6th (ch); 27. K moves, Q to K 6th, and wins.	
4. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	25. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 2nd	26. P to B 4th	Q to R 6th
6. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	27. B to K 2nd	R to R 3rd
7. Castles	B to Kt 5th	28. R to K B 2nd	P to K 6th
8. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt	29. B to B sq	P takes Kt
9. P takes B	Kt to B 3rd	30. B takes Q	P (a Queen, ch)
10. P to Q R 4th	Kt to Q R 4th	31. R to B sq	Q to Q 6th
11. Q to R 2nd	Kt to K 5th	32. K R to Q Kt sq	R takes B
12. B to Kt 2nd		33. R to Kt 8th (ch)	B to K sq
13. P to Q 5th	Q to K B 3rd	34. R takes R	Q takes R (ch)
14. Q R to B sq	Castles (K R)	35. K to Kt 2nd	Q to K 5th (ch)
15. B to R 3rd	K to R sq	36. K takes R	Kt to Q 6th
16. B to Kt 4th	P to Q 3rd	37. Q to R 2nd	P to Kt 4th
17. B takes Kt	P takes B	38. Q to Q 2nd	Kt takes K B P (ch)
18. R to B 2nd	B to B sq	39. K to Kt 4th	Kt to K 7th (ch)
19. B to Q sq	B to Q 2nd	40. K takes P	P to R 3rd (ch)
20. Kt to Q 2nd		Or Q to Kt 3rd (ch) and Q to R 4th, Mate.	
White's play is distinctly inferior to his usual form.		41. K to B 6th	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
21. R to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 4th	42. K to K 7th	Q to B 2nd (ch)
22. Q to R 3rd	P to K B 5th	43. K to Q 5th	Q Mates.

## CHESS IN WALES.

Game played at the Craigside, Tournament between Messrs. JACOBS and GUNSTON.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P to K 5th	Q takes B
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	12. P takes Kt	Q to K 2nd
3. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Q to B 5th	Q takes P
4. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd	14. Q to B 6th	Kt to K 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	15. Kt to K 5th	Q takes P
6. Kt to R 4th		16. Q takes Q	Q to Q 5th (ch)
Black's initial mistake appears to have been his fourth move. White properly proceeds to dispose of the dangerous Bishop.		17. R takes P	Kt takes P
7. Kt takes B	B to Kt 3rd	18. R to Q B sq	R takes P
The reason for preferring this to Q takes B is not clear.		19. R takes K Kt P	Kt to Q 5th
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to R 3rd	20. R to K sq	Kt to K 7th (ch)
9. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 2nd	This check appears bad.	
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	21. K to R sq	
11. Castles	P takes P	We think K to B sq was better, threatening to gain the piece. If then R to B sq (ch), White replies Kt to B 3rd, and wins.	
12. B takes P	P to Q 3rd	22. B to B 3rd	R to B sq
13. Q to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	23. R takes P	B to R 6th
14. B takes P		24. B takes P (ch)	R to B 4th
Very cleverly played, as much analysis was needed to prove the soundness of this move.		White's finish is somewhat artistic.	
25. R to R 7th (ch)	K to Q sq		
26. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to B sq		
	Resigns.		

A match now in course of play between Messrs. Pollock and Gossip at Montreal has the following score:—Pollock, 3; Gossip, 0.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

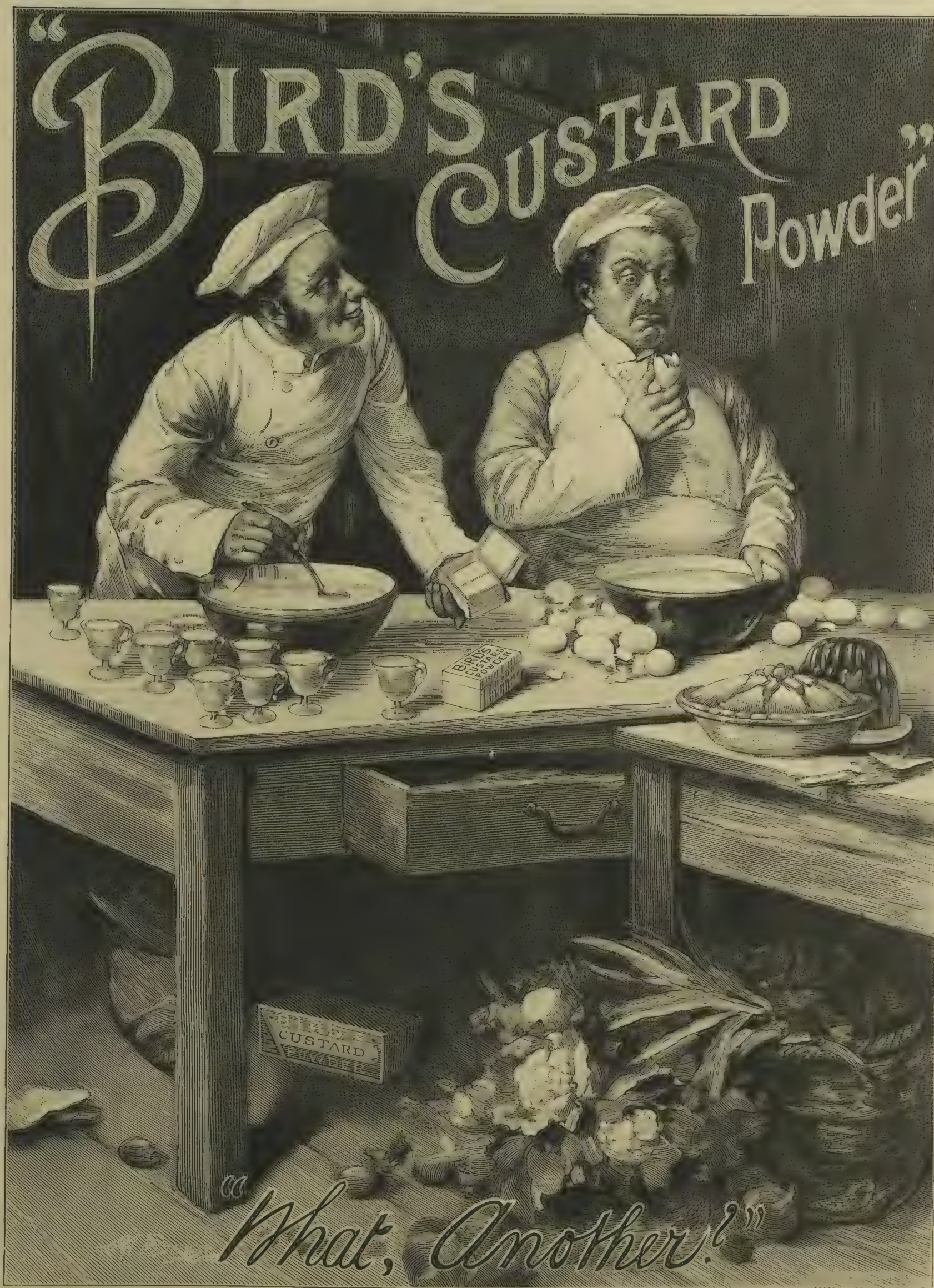
The best theatres are quite a school of costume in England now, as they have long been in France. I cannot say that I admired Miss Kate Rorke's gowns at the Garrick in the late new play "Slaves of the Ring," splendid as they were, quite so much as I usually do like her taste. The wedding-gown of Act I. was rather peculiar: it was of the thickest and most lustrous white satin, made loose from just under the bust, not so closely outlining the form as the true Empire style—in fact, it had no shape at all except that it was just caught in to the wearer's figure with a few folds of lace over the bosom and a cluster of orange-blossoms; two stole ends of satin, richly embroidered, fell from the lace to near the feet. Miss Calhoun's wedding-dress, though less uncommon, seemed more becoming; it had a trained skirt of white satin and a bodice of a thickly ribbed silk, cut down at the bust and filled in up to the throat with spotted net, the sleeves being plain satin. Miss Rorke's third act ball-dress is made in very much the same style, falling sack-like from beneath the bust, and trained behind all in one from a double box pleat in the middle of the shoulders; you cannot say there is a bodice at all. It is a splendid gown of lemon yellow peau-de-soie, embroidered all over in close and regular lines with gold paillettes, each hardly larger than a pin's head. The centre of the *décolletage* at the front is decorated with a bunch of large-sized roses in black velvet, and at the back the box-pleat of the top of the train falls from under a wide bow.

There were several excellent dresses worn by the other characters at the Garrick. Mrs. Boucicault, for one, donned a perfect evening dress for a matron. It was of petunia velvet, made with a long train; there was a narrow heart-shaped opening at the throat, the fastening thence crossing to the waist, and this and all down the front of the dress was trimmed with a narrow line of brown skunk fur. Epauettes of white Duchesse point-lace overhung the big puffed petunia velvet sleeves, and a little bit of white lace was also arranged to follow the figure at the sides of the bodice, held in place by shaped ornaments of jet widening from the waist to the bust, and continued in the reverse direction below the waist to the feet; and two shaped jet ornaments are at the waist behind. It would be hard to improve on this gown in any way. Miss Calhoun's ball-dress of white silk, with a flight of silver butterflies embroidered on the skirt, and one huge one to form the whole front of the bodice, was also very handsome.

"Rebellious Susan" reached the hundredth performance on Jan. 5, and fresh and handsome costume marked the occasion. It is to many quite the most interesting play running in London and a perfect specimen of comedy acting; add that it has in it two of the stage ladies who are most ladylike and best skilled in dressing to suit their natural grace, and what more could be desired to explain its continued success? Graceful Miss Mary Moore wears an excellent visiting-dress of white cashmere, made Princess shape, the bodice drawn over from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, and fixed there under a big steel buckle; the skirt portion is plain, but is ornamented with three large steel buttons at the left side near the foot. The sleeves and collar are unique; the former have quite a mediæval look, being tight-fitting, almost to the shoulder, where there is a puff, but from wrist to puff the sleeve closely fits to the arm, and a row of tabs, buttoning over a corresponding row of small steel buttons, runs up the back of the arm, while the cuff falls over the hand and turns up loosely—quite a picture sleeve, and as new as it is remarkably pretty. The collar is high and pleated and studded with steel, carrying out the *moyen âge* idea. This was her most original gown, though the other two are both smart. One is a visiting-dress of petunia silk, with a bodice made to fit loosely and overhang a little at the waist, after the latest fashion for slim figures, of the same silk covered with a network of white, and a velvet sleeve-top and belt to harmonise; the other is of black spotted silk, as far as the skirt is concerned, and a mass of iridescent paillettes on net as far as the bodice can be described. Fully as smart are the gowns of dark and showy Miss Gertrude Kingston. The best is a grey silk bell-skirt with an overhanging bodice of pink satin covered with white lace and having a deep collar and epauettes of grey chiffon.

So far the stage dresses. How much petunia is the smart colour of the moment may be guessed when I turn to real life and mention that it was the colour chosen for the going-away dress of the bride of Lord Wolverton after their wedding on Jan. 5. The dress was in petunia cloth trimmed with curious and beautiful embroidery of silver on white. A band of this was put across near the top of a narrow overhanging vest of petunia velvet and also formed a belt, while the big cape collar, which was of the cloth, was edged all round narrowly with sable. Lady Wolverton had a muff of velvet in the same shade, suspended by a gold and pearl-studded chain, which was the wedding gift of her young brothers, and her hat was in the same velvet with sable-tails, feathers, and white flowers for trimming. Petunia is a tone between violet and red; it is particularly becoming to blondes, and is a very rich and attractive colour. It was worn at the wedding by Georgiana, Lady Dudley, the bride's mother, whose dress was in petunia velvet, trimmed with the pale brown of otter fur. Though Lady Wolverton has beautiful features, and will one day probably be as handsome as her mother, Georgiana, Lady Dudley, still looks more beautiful than almost anyone else. It seems impossible that she is not only the bride's mother, but already a grandmother. This is one advantage that society owes to the Princess of Wales. It is fashionable from her example now to look as young as possible when there are already daughters "out." Formerly, it was considered necessary for a mamma whose girls had grown up, even if herself under forty, to efface herself in unbecoming and elderly garb, and to be an old lady before her time; but the Princess changed all that very effectually. How pretty she has always been! I was shown the other day the photographs of a number of ears of celebrities, taken without the faces, and invited to pick out the prettiest without knowing to whom they belonged; and the one I, all innocently, chose appertained to the Princess of Wales—it was so dainty and delicate.





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## ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

## VII.—THE FROZEN POND.

The pond on the moor is frozen over. What an epoch in the history of all its inhabitants! For they are not mostly long-lived creatures, these pond-dwellers; a summer forms an appreciable part of their short existence. Theirs is but a precarious life at the best of times; they have always to steer close between the Scylla of drought and the Charybdis of freezing. Half their days are spent in enforced seclusion. In summer the pond, which is their universe, is apt to dry up and fail them; in winter it stands its even chance of freezing solid and entombing them. To meet these two extreme contingencies, all the world of the pond has had to accommodate itself to the possible chances of its fickle environment. The newts, for example, come here to breed every spring. They must needs do so, indeed, because their young have gills like a salmon or a herring, and can only breathe in their earlier stages the diffuse oxygen held in suspension in water. Newts, in fact, start in life as fish, but develop, half-way through, into lizard-like animals with lungs and legs, because of the annual drying up of their native waters. All higher life, indeed, was originally aquatic; it is only just because ponds dry up in summer that the ancestors of beasts and birds and reptiles ever ventured on dry land, at first for a brief excursion, and afterwards for a permanence. We are all in the last resort the descendants of amphibians. There are two kinds of newt in this pond, each with its own peculiar plan for meeting the difficulty of winter quarters. The great crested newt, who is the most confirmed water-haunter of the two, retires to the mud at the bottom of the pond in late autumn, and there lies torpid as long as the frost lasts, returning to the surface to breathe when the weather improves again. But the smaller newt, a more adventurous soul, goes ashore in summer when the pond dries up, and stops there for the winter, lurking in long grass at the bottoms of ditches, or hiding in caves and damp vaults or cellars.

There are no fish in the pond, of course, because it is not permanent; it dries up in August. But there are frogs and tadpoles by the thousand in due season. And what is odder still, the frogs are there now, though you cannot see them. Indeed, frogs and newts are merely slight variations on the fishy type, evolved to meet this very want and to fill this very place in the economy of nature: practically speaking, they are fish which turn at last into terrestrial reptiles. During the earlier spring days, when the ponds are full, the parents lay their spawn among the sunk leaves of water-weeds; and soon the tadpoles emerge from their jelly-like eggs, and swarm at the edge in a seething black mass of bustling and jostling life. Then,

as the pond gets low, and breathing becomes difficult, they proceed by degrees to drop their gills, and develop the rudimentary swim-bladder into a pair of true lungs. Soon four weak little legs with sprawling fingers bud out at their sides: and, hi, presto! they hop or crawl ashore as full-fledged air-breathers. At this point grave differences appear between them. The newts retain their tails through life, but the more advanced frogs drop or absorb theirs, and assume the shape of thorough-going land animals. In winter, however, the frogs return once more to the pond, and bury themselves in the oozy mud at the bottom, often huddled together in close-packed groups, for warmth and company. At first sight you might think they would be warmer on dry land; but this is not so, for they have little animal heat of their own, being cold-blooded creatures, and they would therefore get frozen whenever the surface temperature fell below freezing-point. But the pond seldom or never freezes solid; in other words, the degree of cold at the bottom never goes down to freezing; and so the frogs are comparatively safe in the mud of the bed. If you dig in the ooze in winter, you may turn up whole spadefuls of frogs and great crested newts in certain cosy corners, lying torpid and half dead, but waiting patiently for the returning sun of spring to warm them. So that even the frozen pond has a great deal more life in it than the casual townsman would at first imagine.

As for the snails and beetles and other small fry of the pond, they mostly retire, like their enemies the frogs, to the depths for protection. The summer is their life; winter to them is merely a time to be dozed through and tided over. Many of the shorter-lived kinds, indeed, die out altogether at the first touch of autumn, leaving only their eggs or their pupæ to represent them through the cold season. In these cases, therefore, we might almost say that the species, not the individual, lies dormant through the winter. It ceases to exist altogether for the time, and is only vouched for by the eggs or spawn, so that each generation knows nothing by sight of the generation that preceded it.

But when spring comes round again, there is a sudden waking up into spasmodic activity on the part of the pond and all its inhabitants. The season has set in, and life is to the fore again. The greater newt, in imitation of the poet's wanton lapwing, "gets himself another crest," and adorns his breast with brilliant spots of crimson and orange. The mating proceeds apace; frogs pair and spawn; the water swarms once more with layer upon layer of wriggling black tadpoles. Now the great pond-snail floats at the top and lays its oblong bunch of transparent eggs; now the water-crowfoot flowers; the diver beetles disport themselves amain; strange long-legged beasts that walk the water like insect Blondins begin to stalk the surface on their living stilts; and dancing little "whirligigs," who skim the pond, coquette and pirouette

in interlacing circles. All nature is alive. Winter is forgotten; eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, are the order of the day in pond and hedgerow. Then the crested newt proceeds to devour his smaller relative, and the tadpole to elbow his neighbour out of existence; and all goes merrily as wedding bells in the world of the pond—till winter comes again.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., after an unusually quick passage across the Atlantic, reached Liverpool on Jan. 12, and was at once the victim of numerous interviewers. An exceedingly interesting exposition of his views on American topics appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. The member for Battersea travelled 7000 miles, and addressed 80,000 people in fourteen different States. This is what he calls a holiday!

A survey of the House of Commons by a member cannot fail to be interesting, especially when that member has had the twenty-six years' experience which so eminently qualifies Sir George Osborne Morgan to speak on the topic. The veteran Welsh Parliamentarian gave it as his opinion that the greatest orator of this period was John Bright, and he instanced a case in which a speech from Bright influenced many votes—a rare feat indeed. The speaking twenty-six years ago was confined to about forty members; now it is shared among quite three hundred. "The speaking," said Sir George, "was entirely different. In his earlier days it was thought the right thing for a man, in delivering a big speech, to end with a Latin quotation. Anybody who offered a Latin quotation nowadays would be a bold man, and he did not think many members would understand him." The old claim that the House of Commons was the best club in London could not now be sustained, and in many other ways St. Stephen's is losing some of its old attractions, but gaining in its businesslike methods.

Once more the "Advertiser's A B C and A Ivertisement Press Directory" (T. B. Browne, Limited) makes its appearance, greatly amplified and improved. In its eleven hundred clearly printed pages there figure more than four thousand publications, a total which is the high-water mark of ephemeral literature in Great Britain. One learns that upwards of three thousand publications are regularly filed at the great advertising office in Queen Victoria Street, which owed its inception to the late Mr. T. B. Browne. The arrangement of the book does credit to the logical mind of the editor; the foreign section is specially useful, while the "Directory in Brief" is another admirable feature. The Picture Gallery is most interesting, as illustrating the wide variety of designs selected in these days, when originality has a prior claim to beauty. The maps which the volume contains deserve a word of praise.

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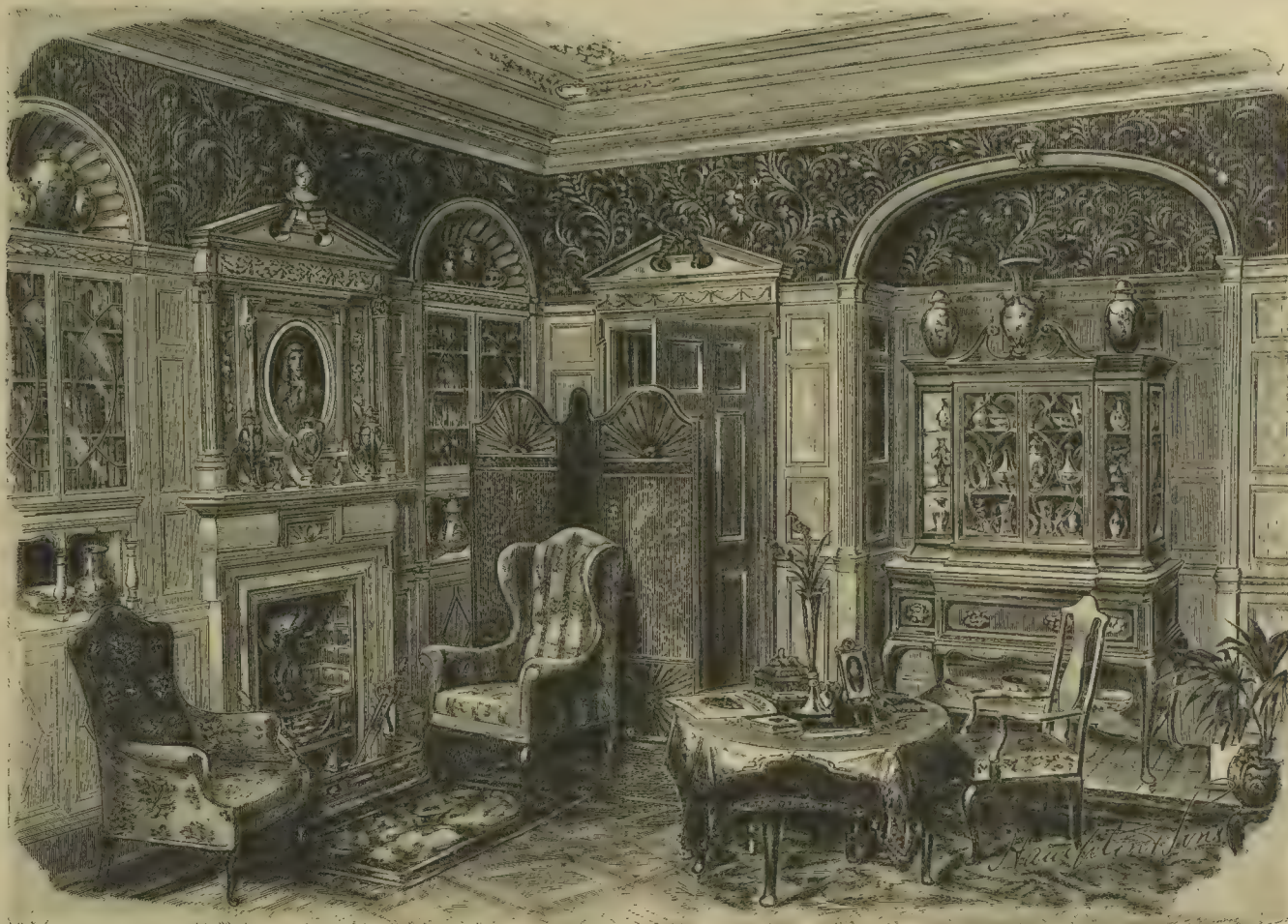


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1894), of Mr. Robert Smith, D.L., J.P., of 1, Lombard Street, banker, and of Goldings, near Hertford, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Jan. 4 by Reginald Abel Smith and Eustace Abel Smith, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £422,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 Consols upon trust to apply the dividends in or towards the payment of all or any of the following objects—namely, the salary of a curate of St. Michael's Church, Waterford, in the parish of Bengoe, Herts, the salary of an organist for the said church, the teaching and proper robing in cassocks, surplices, or otherwise of the choir of the said church, the wages or salary of a sexton, an organ-claver, and a person to clean the said church, and the payment of the annual premium on the policy of insurance against fire on the said church. He gives certain jewellery, furniture, plate, horses and carriages, 13, Cadogan Square, and £2000 per annum, in addition to the income she will receive under their marriage settlement, to his wife, Mrs. Isabel Smith, and he requests his son Reginald Abel to allow her a further £1000 per annum; his share and interest in the capital, etc., of the banking houses in London, Derby, and Newark, in which he was a partner, 39, Hill Street, with the stables, and all his real estate in the county of Herts, to his son Reginald Abel; his share and interest in the capital, etc., of the Lincoln Bank and its branches, and all his real estate in the county of Lincoln, to his son Eustace Abel; £30,000 to his son Wilfred Robert Abel; and £10,000 to his son Bertram Abel, and during his minority the income for his benefit is to be made up to £800 per annum out of his residuary estate. He requests his partners in the Nottingham Bank to admit his last-named son as a partner, and if not so admitted he gives him an additional £20,000. All his real estate in the county of Nottingham, and all his share in the accumulative and reserve funds in the Nottingham Bank, he gives

to his son Reginald Abel, on condition that he conveys such real estate and transfers half of the said funds to his son Bertram Abel if he is admitted a partner in the said bank. He also bequeaths £1000 to the Hertford and Bengoe Nurses' Fund; £500 to the Hertford Infirmary; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Isabel Mary, Hilda Marion, Leila Margaret, and Marjory, and any after-born daughters; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, clerks in the banks of which he was a partner, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Reginald Abel.

The will of Mr. John Walter, of Bearwood, Berks, has been proved by Sir Frederick Gage Heygate, Bart., Sir Donald Campbell Macnabb, and Joseph Soames, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £293,000. The testator devises North Court, Finchampstead, to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, devises all his real estate in the counties of Berks and Hants to his eldest son, Arthur Fraser Walter, to whom he also gives his house, 40, Upper Grosvenor Street. He bequeaths one half of one of his shares in the *Times* newspaper to his son Godfrey; and all other his shares in such newspaper to his son Arthur Fraser. There are various gifts and provisions in favour of his wife and children; and as to the residue of his personal estate, he gives two thirds to his son Arthur Fraser, and one third to his son Godfrey.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 25, 1891), of Mr. Henry Aldwin Soames, of East Hall, St. Mary Cray, Kent, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Jan. 8 by Eley Soames, the brother, and James Thompson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator gives certain property at Pinner, his moiety of the freehold premises, 63, Pall Mall, and some shares in the Colne Valley Waterworks and Baltic Companies, and debentures of the London and North-Western Railway to his brother, Eley Soames; 77, New Bond Street, and £6000 Two-and-Three-Quarter

per cent. Consolidated Stock, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his niece Lucy Alderson; 148, Strand, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his niece Agnes Waring; his furniture and effects to his sister, Emily Birkett; £1000 to his nephew and godson, Charles Ernest Soames; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said sister, for life, and then for her daughters Lucy Alderson, Emily Thompson, and Agnes Waring in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1891), of Mr. Cosmo Richard Howard, of 32, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 8 by Cosmo Gordon Howard, the son, and Miss Dora Louisa Howard and Miss Salisbury Meliora Howard, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, jewels, and household furniture and effects, upon trust, for his unmarried daughters. His real estate (if any) and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 27, 1873), with a codicil (dated Nov. 13, 1894), of Lieutenant-Colonel George William Stacpoole, of 16, Walton Place, Chelsea, who died on Nov. 19 at The Grove, Harefield, Middlesex, was proved on Dec. 31 by William Henry Heaton-Armstrong, and George William Heaton-Armstrong, the nephews, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator gives his plate and plated articles to his wife, Julia Ellen Josephine, Baroness Rossmore, for life, and then to his brother Richard Stacpoole; his pictures, books, wines, furniture, household goods, chattels, and effects, horses and carriages to his wife; and his interest in a sum of £10,000 and an annuity of £500, referred to in his marriage settlement, on the death of his wife, and all his real estate to his said brother. The residue of his personal estate he

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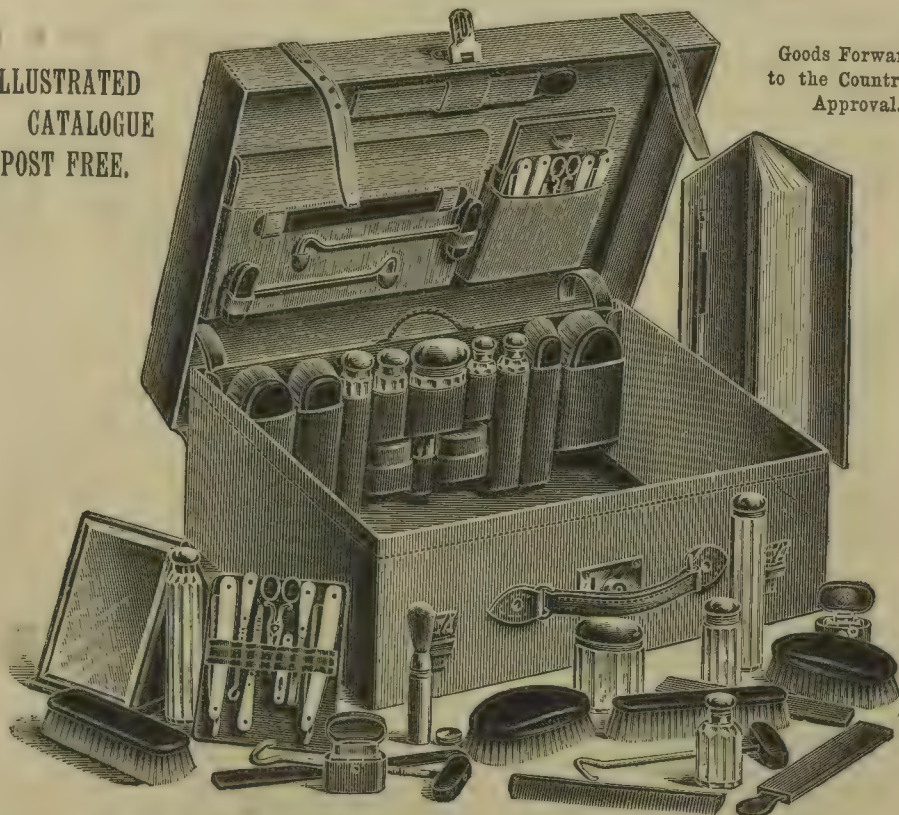
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leaves, upon trust, for his sister Georgina Maria Armstrong, for life, and then for her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1894), of the Right Hon. William Charles, Baron Carbery, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Jan. 4 by Lady Carbery, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator devises the Bisbrook Hall Estate, near Uppingham, subject to the life interest of his wife, to his son Percy Cecil, for life, and then to his children or issue as he shall by deed or will appoint; and the Glaston House estate, in the parish of Glaston, to his wife, for life, then to his son Cecil Montagu, for life, and then to his said son's children or issue as he shall by deed or will appoint. There are bequests to goddaughter and servants; and the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated April 9, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Lyon Thurlow, D.L., of 96, Eaton Place, who died on Sept. 8, at Baynards Manor, Horsham, was proved on Jan. 2 by Major Edward Hovell Thurlow, R.A., and Cecil Thomas

Molyneux Montgomerie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, consumable stores, horses and carriages, his interest in 96, Eaton Place, and all property derived by him from his late wife, to his late wife's sister, Georgiana Margaret Sumner; £50 to the Surrey County Hospital, Guildford; and legacies to executors, godson, coachman, late wife's maid, housekeeper and other servants, bailiff, cowman, and the station-master at Baynards. His house, Baynards Manor, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in the counties of Surrey and Sussex, he leaves to his said sister-in-law, for life, with remainder, upon trust, for his cousin Lord Thurlow, Lady Thurlow, and the Hon. James Frederick Hovell Thurlow-Cumming in succession, for their respective lives or until they shall do some act whereby the same would become vested in some other person, with remainder to the first and every other son of the last named according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said sister-in-law, for life; and at her death gives his tankard of the time of William

and Mary, Alexander the Great shield, and the four *entrée* dishes which formerly belonged to George IV. to his cousin the Earl of Strathmore. The ultimate residue is to go with his settled real estate.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1889), with two codicils (dated Nov. 15, 1889, and Oct. 15, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Faulconer, J.P., of 8, St. John's Wood Park and of The Poplars, Oxhey Lane, Watford, Herts, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 5 by William Rudston Faulconer, the son, and Francis Birkett Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his sons, Robert Charles, William Rudston, and Alfred Cholmley, and to his sons-in-law, Admiral Alfred John Chatfield and Howden Anson Phillips Hamilton; £500 to his daughter-in-law Mary Elizabeth Faulconer; £300 to his daughter Amelia Maria Morgan; and £200 to his executor Mr. Roberts. There are also some specific gifts to children. The residue of his property he leaves equally to his said three sons, and his daughters, Mrs. Louisa Chatfield, Mrs. Amelia Maria Morgan, and Mrs. Caroline Alice Hamilton.

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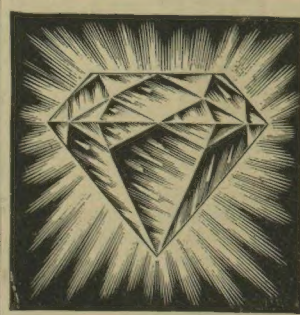
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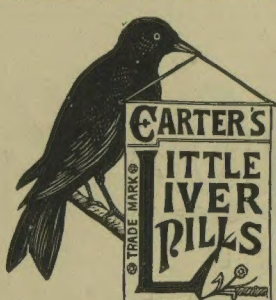
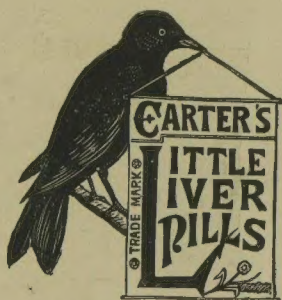
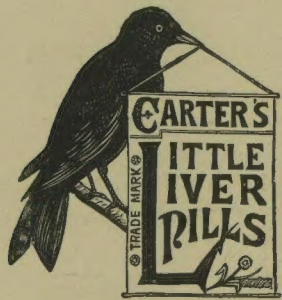
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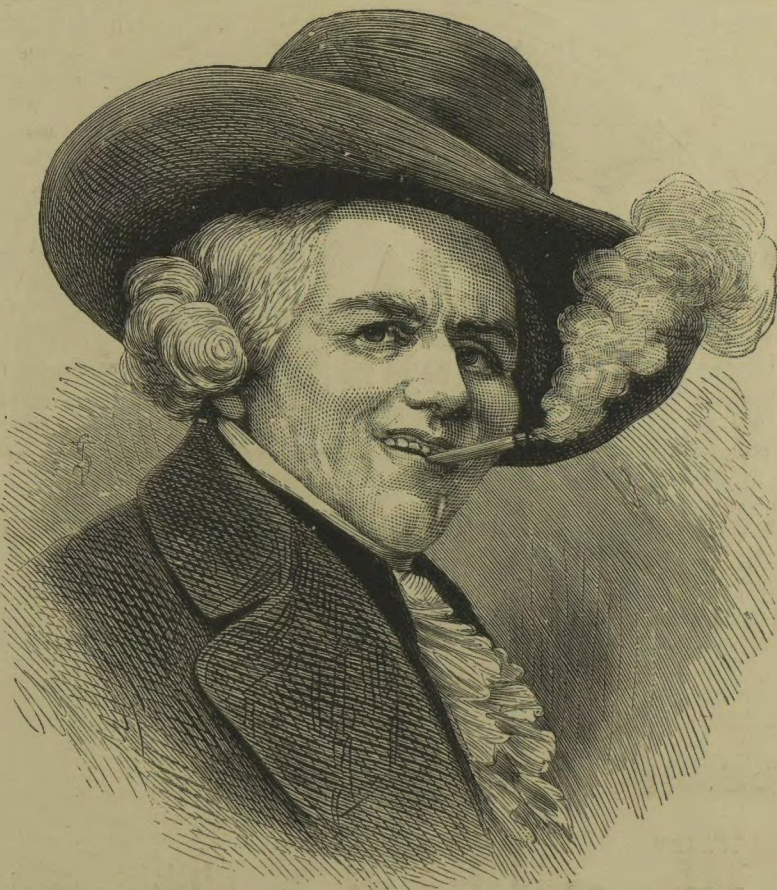
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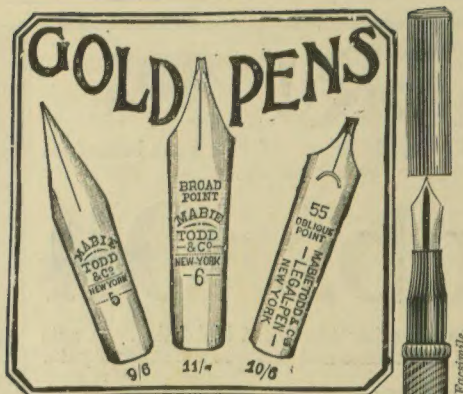
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